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THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;

V O L. III.

THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR,
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
REVOLUTION OF P—L:
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

V O L III.

L O N D O N:

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1795.

T H E
V I C T I M
O F
M A G I C A L D E L U S I O N .

I FELT like one who is suddenly roused from a dream, and looked around me with uncertain, examining eyes, searching for the Irishman. He perceived it and came towards me.

The sudden change of the most opposite sensations, particularly the last scene, had affected me very much, and I sat myself down upon a tomb. "Is it not true, Hiermanfor?" said I after a long silence, "I have dreamed?"

"Dreamed?" he replied with astonishment, "and *what* have you dreamed?"

“ Methought my tutor was standing upon this tomb, and talking strange things.”

“ I have had the same *vision*.”

“ Hiermanfor! don’t sport with my understanding.”

“ It is as I have said.”

“ It cannot be!” I exclaimed vehemently, “ it was an illusion. Don’t think that I am still as credulous as I have been. Confess only that the vision was a new illusion, whereby you wanted to try me.”

“ An illusion requires the assistance of machines; and I give you leave, nay, I beseech you to search for them. You may ransack the whole burying ground, but your labour will be lost.”

“ That may be! It has perhaps been one of your finest artifices, but nevertheless it was mere delusion.”

“ It was delusion, because you will have it so.”

“ Hiermanfor! what do you wish me to believe?”

“ Whatever you *can* believe.”

“ Here

“ Here the figure of my tutor was standing, and there I stood and conversed with him.”

“ You may have been dreaming, it was perhaps one of my finest artifices.”

“ What can you say against it?”

“ Nothing, my Lord, nothing!”

“ I conjure you, what can you say against it?”

“ On one part I could find it improbable that two people should have the same dream while they are awake; on the other, that the most consummate juggler would find it difficult to produce by day-light, and on an open spot, an airy vision which resembles your friend exactly, talks in a sensible manner, answers questions which are put to it, and appears a second time at your desire.”

“ True, very true! however, the apparition is not less mysterious to me if I deem it *no* illusion.”

“ You will comprehend it one time, said Antonio.”

“ But when? I am dying with a desire to have the mystery unfolded.”

“ May I speak without reserve, my Lord.”

“ I wish you always had spoken without disguise, and acted openly.”

“ What I am going to say may perhaps offend you ; yet I must beg you to give me leave to speak freely. I am not going to address Miguel, but the Duke.”

“ Frankness and truth are equally acceptable to the latter as they are to the former ; speak without reserve.”

“ It is not fondness of truth, but vain curiosity that has driven you upon the *dangerous ocean* of knowledge, where you are cruising about without either rudder or compass, in search of unknown countries, and enchanted islands. I met you some time since on your voyage, and captured you. You could as well have fallen in with somebody else, who would have forged heavier fetters for you. I have not misused my power over you. You have indeed worked in the fetters which I have chained you with, but not in my service, not for me, but for your country, which you, I am sorry to say, would never have done voluntarily. You have at-

tempted

tempted nothing, at least very little, to break those chains, but you struggled hard to avoid serving your country. I endeavoured to keep you in its service by strengthening your chains; however, unforeseen accidents liberated you from your bondage, and then I appeared first to you a lawless corsair, who had made an unlawful prize of you, although you had supposed me, before that time, to be a supernatural being, to whose power you fancied you had surrendered voluntarily. My dear Duke, I am neither a villain, nor am I a supernatural being; however, you are not able to judge of me. It is true that I possess important arcana, by the application of which I can effect wonderful things; but I am not allowed to make use of them before I have tried in vain every common means of attaining my aim. According to my knowledge of your Lordship, the artifices of natural magic were sufficient for carrying my point; but now, as the veil is taken from your eyes, and those delusions by which your will has been guided, have lost their influence upon you, now I could make use

of my superior power, by which I have been enabled to effect the apparition of your tutor. However, you judge of my deeds equally wrong as of myself. At first you mistook real delusions, for miracles, and now you mistake the effect of a great and important arcanum, for delusion. Whence these sudden leaps from one extreme to the other? What is it that constantly removes from your eyes the real point of view from which you ought to see things? The source of this evil is within yourself; I will point it out to you, lest you discover it too late. You have an innate propensity, which has been nursed up by your lively imagination, a propensity which is agitating powerfully within you, and struggles for gratification, the propensity to the wonderful. Your tutor strove too late to combat it by the dry speculations of philosophy, instead of guiding and confining it in proper bounds. My God! your friend is a excellent man, who had your real happiness at heart; however, his philosophy was not altogether consistent. A preconceived contempt of all occult sciences prevented him examin-
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ing them with impartiality, and declaring all events contrary to the common course of nature, to be the effects of imposition. He committed a sin against philosophy, premising as demonstrated, what was to be proved. Your own feeling, my Lord, made you sensible of the defects and exaggerations of his arguments; your reason was not sufficient to rectify, or to refute them; and thus you have adopted the principles of your tutor, not from conviction, but from a blind confidence in his learning and honesty, and believing the assertions of your instructor, you believed in his philosophy."

"Hiermanfor! I think you are right."

"Give me leave to proceed. It was consequently not philosophical conviction that made you suspect your inclination to the wonderful; but faith was opposed to faith. The former was founded on the authority of your tutor, and the latter on the secret voice of your heart. Regard for your friend, and the ambition of being looked upon as a philosopher, impelled you to adopt the principles of your tutor, and an innate instinct spurred you to

yield to the voice of your heart, and thus you embraced by turns, the opinion of your instructor and the faith which originated from your heart, according to the strength of motive which prevailed on either side. However, these motives were never pure undoubted arguments of reason, but mere sentiments, which made you shift from one side to the other, in the same measure in which your sentiments of one or the other kind received nourishment or additional strength from without. As soon as I began to play off my magical machineries your belief in miracles began to prevail; but as soon as your tutor recapitulated his lectures, philosophy resumed her former sway. You was a ball which flew alternately in his and in my hands, because you wanted firm conviction to fix yourself upon. Nevertheless I should have succeeded at last in getting an exclusive power over you merely by means of my delusions, because your predilection for the wonderful, and your imagination, which found an excuse and a gratification in my works, would have prevailed

prevailed over the philosophical sentences which you have been taught. Paleſki diſcovered to you what you ought to have diſcovered yourſelf, that my arts were mere deluſions, and now you conclude that I can produce nothing but deluſions. Perhaps you go ſtill farther, and deny even the poſſibility of apparitions, becauſe I have raiſed in Amelia's houſe a ghoul who was none. At bottom you keep firm to your character ; you came over to my party becauſe your *feelings* found their account in doing ſo ; you find you have been deceived, and you fly back again to the oppoſite party becauſe you *fancy* to find truth there. However you are really guided only by a blind inſtinct, by ſentiment and opinion. And with *theſe* guides do you fancy you can penetrate the ſanctuary of truth and happineſs ? — Unhappy young man ! you are doomed to deceive yourſelf and to be deceived."

After a ſhort pauſe the Iriſhman reſumed :

" Pardon my frankneſs, my Lord ! I have done."

“ You have made me behold myself in a view to which I was an utter stranger, and which terrifies me. Hiermanfor, tell it me frankly, if you have to add any thing farther ; the more unreserved you shall be, the more my gratitude will encrease.”

“ Yes, my Lord, you deserve a better fate than what you are preparing for yourself. You possess a noble quality which is but rarely the property of Princes, the courage of listening to disagreeable truths ; a noble heart is panting in your bosom ; you possess more desire for knowledge than you ought ; your intention is good, however, you will be ruined in spite of all these noble qualities. You are destitute of firmness of mind ; you fluctuate like a wave of the sea, which is driven and tossed to and fro with the wind. You are doomed to be constantly the sport of others, and never to steer your own course. That unshaken firmness of resolution which is the effect of well founded conviction is not in the catalogue of your virtues. Your reason prevails too little on your sensuality and imagination,

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tion which are hurrying you rapidly along through bye ways. Nay, I even maintain that your rage for occult knowledge has had as yet no other source but sensual pleasure ; it gratified your ambition to know more than other people ; it flattered your self-love to have the powers of nature at your command ; it was a pleasing sight to your eyes to witness extraordinary events, as children delight to hear tales of giants and enchanted castles. And could you, in that disposition of mind, think yourself worthy to be introduced to a sanctuary, which even serious disinterested love of truth dares not enter without being first purified. You have experienced what *you* did deserve, you merited to be put off with mystic words, with juggling tricks and flights of hand ; and you was satisfied with these gewgaws. First after the veil had been removed from your eyes by other people, you was highly displeased at my having taken the liberty to sell you delusions for truth—for truth ! as if ever *pure love for truth* had guided you, and what you mistook for it had been any thing else but *vain curiosity*. Notwith-

standing this, I have given you a specimen of my superior power, and shown you the ghost of your living friend, who is many hundred miles distant from hence, and you prove instantly how little you deserve this condescension. You find not the least difference between this vision and the former juggling tricks, mistaking it for a dream, for a new delusion. Young man, learn first to discern truth from illusion, and acquire a proper knowledge of the preparatory sciences, before you attempt at occult wisdom; get first a proper knowledge of yourself, before you strive for knowledge of occult things; endeavour to bridle your imagination by cool reflection, and your sensuality by self-denial, before you dare to grasp at the sway over the powers of nature."

"How insignificant do I appear to myself, Hiermanfor! don't spare me, and let me feel my whole nothingness."

"Man has gained a great advantage, if he has learnt to be sensible of his weakness, however he ought also to remain no stranger to his strength. My Lord, we are endowed with a heavenly gift,

gift, which is called *reason* ; but how widely does it differ from what one commonly thinks it to be ; reason ought first to be purified, and divested of every thing that is not herself, before she can become to us an infallible guide. Assisted by her we subdue our sensuality, and soar above visible nature. Sensuality is the only thing terrestrial in us : reason raises us to the communication with superior spirits. The more we learn to subdue the former, the more sway do we obtain over the powers of nature ; the more we purify the latter, the more intimately are we connected with superior beings. Man is an intermediate being between an angel and an animal ; is the sole creature that, by means of his senses, is connected with the physical world, and through his reason with higher spirits, and consequently can act upon both. Do you divine nothing, my Lord ? These words imply an important truth ; however it would lead me too far, if I should attempt to unfold it at large."

" O let me taste only a few drops from that sacred fountain !"

" At

“At some other time, my Lord! important affairs bid me at present to leave you. Will you accompany me to town?”

“With pleasure.”

His coach had been waiting for us at some distance from the burying place.—The Irishman ordered his coachman to make haste, and told me on the road that I must depart for Ma***t in two days. At the same time he promised to meet me the following night at eleven o'clock, and to continue the subject on which he had been speaking. He set me down at my house and took leave.

The time which Lady Delier had fixed for our interview was past. This would have been extremely painful to me in any other situation of mind, but now my thoughts were employed by objects of greater importance. What I had seen and heard at the burial place had made a deep impression upon me. The more I reflected on the vision, the more did it surpass my power of conception. Deception is afraid of the light, seeking the dusk of evening, or the darkness of night, in order to blind the eyes of the deluded person;

person ; deception plays off its machineries in places which are shut up, and previously have been fitted for the purpose ; at the same time it endeavours to harrow the mind, by solemn preparations, in a disposition answerable to the deception ; but here I could not perceive any thing of that kind. The vision appeared at noon, and in an open place, and when the Irishman called me away to the burial place, I was going to inform myself of a love affair, and of course, in a disposition very unpropitious for apparitions or ghosts ; deception takes care to prevent the beholder from coming near its works, and I was near enough to touch the phantom ; deception never exposes its secret machines to the danger of being discovered, and the Irishman invited me to make the strictest investigation. And the vision itself, as it appeared, a living human figure, and yet so incorporeal, that my arms penetrated it without leaving a vestige behind—the resemblance to Antonio so great, that it seemed to be the living original ; and this figure spoke and returned answers so adequate to my questions ;—it did

did not, indeed, move its lips, and the voice differed a little from that of Antonio ; however, its speaking organs were materially different from his natural ones. At last, the disappearing and re-appearing at my desire—did it not denote a free will of the vision?—In short, the longer I reflected on the matter, the less did it appear to me the work of deception.

“ And if it was no fiction, what *I have* seen ; what an astonishing mystery does it imply ? How is it possible for a living, absent man to appear to his friend, as the deceased are reported to do ? How can his soul disembody herself for a short time, and inclose herself in an imitated shape ? The Irishman has, indeed, given me a hint concerning the possibility of such miracles ; but how unfit was I to comprehend that distant hint, and how much did my soul thirst for the promised continuation of his discourse ? He is in the right, I did not, as yet, deserve to be instructed in the mysteries of occult knowledge ; I merited to be put off with vain delusions. How little did my impetuous curiosity agree with a disciple of occult know-

knowledge ; how insignificant must I have appeared to him ! How great did he shew himself to me ! With what an astonishing omniscience did he read my most hidden thoughts ; with what a great sagacity has he laid open my weakness, and with how much frankness told me my defects ! If it were his intention to deceive me any farther, he would silently have taken advantage of my blind side, and carefully avoided to open my eyes. He certainly could not have given me a more unsuspicious and convincing proof of the goodness and purity of his sentiments towards me.— This openness, this noble sincerity, deserves, undoubtedly, my unbounded gratitude. Yes, *Antonio, he shall guide me in thy room ! I will confide in him as I have confided in thee.*”

In the evening I went to Amelia, to inform her of my impending departure. She was just playing on the harpsichord, and received me with a silent smile, without suffering herself to be interrupted in her play. The Baroness, however, received me with cold civility ; I could guess the reason of it ; however I had no
oppor-

opportunity to make an excuse. The affecting pieces, which Amelia played with an unspeakable charm, began to melt my soul, and to thrill me with a sweet melancholy. But suddenly the recollection of the Irishman, of my resolution, and of my departure flushed through my head: I left my dangerous post, and Amelia ceased playing. I had placed myself at the open window—she followed me thither.

“ So immersed in meditation, my Lord ? ”

“ I am thinking of my departure. ”

“ You are not going to leave us ? ”

“ I must depart the day after to-morrow. Business of great importance requires my personal attendance at Ma***t. ”

This news produced surprise and silence. The coldness of Lady Delier began to thaw. “ I hope your business, my Lord, ” said she, “ is not so very pressing. ”

“ Alas ! it is so pressing that it suffers not the least delay. ”

“ Alas ! ” Amelia repeated, “ one should think your departure was painful to your heart ! ”

heart!" She blushed, as if she had said something imprudent.

"Alas! it is too painful to my heart; but who cares for my heart?"

"Indeed," Lady Delier replied, "you think very unkind of us."

"It is a gloomy night," said Amelia, going to the window; and the thread of our conversation was cut off at once. I endeavoured to lead it again to its former channel; however I perceived that the conversation grew irksome and dull; it turned on a hundred most insignificant trifles, but the Countess avoided carefully to touch the former string, although I sounded it repeatedly, softer or louder. At length I took leave. Lady Delier was so kind as to see me down stairs; I told her that an important visit from the Irishman, whom I had endeavoured in vain to put off, had prevented me from keeping the appointment. She took my excuse very kindly, and made me promise to meet her the next morning at ten o'clock at the fir grove.

Uneasiness and curiosity drove me thither at the appointed hour. The Baroness

ness was waiting for me. "The Countess is at church," said she, "let me take advantage of her short absence, and commit a little treachery ; but take heed not to betray me to my friend !"

"Certainly not," I replied, my curiosity being harrowed up to the highest degree by this exordium.

"All that I have to disclose to you is contained in two words : you are beloved, my Lord !"

"My Lady!"—

"Give me leave to relate the matter in a proper manner." The Baroness, seemingly delighted with my astonishment, continued, "recollect your first interview with the Countess ; you have not been indifferent to her already, at the time when she accepted the ring which you offered her ; however, the good Countess did not know it then herself. She fancied her sentiments to be merely the effects of the gratitude which she imagined she owed you, because you have been the primary cause of the long wished for apparition of her deceased Lord. However, that apparition which declared you, afterwards, the

the son of the murderer, made thereby Amelia think it her duty to restrain her kindness for you. The difficulty which she had to submit to the voice of duty, told her plainly, that in her heart something more than gratitude was panting for you. Fortunately, the ghost himself had desired her to forgive the murderer; she imagined, therefore, it would be but just to extend the forgiveness to the son. She did not foresee that her tenderness for you, covered by that pretext, would find so much the less difficulty to steal again into the heart which it scarcely had been expelled. Not before Amelia's tenderness for you rose to a degree, which left no room for doubt of her attachment for you, did she perceive that her readiness to be reconciled to you, originated less from the request of the ghost, than from that of her own heart. You may believe me, my Lord, that it was no easy matter to draw these particulars from Amelia's lips. She concealed carefully in her bosom a passion, the existence of which she trembled to confess. She had made a vow of eternal fidelity to her late Lord, and al-
though

though she fancied she had not violated her promise by *involuntary* sentiments, yet a confession of these sentiments, though deposited only in the bosom of an intimate friend, appeared to her a profanation of her solemn declaration. However, her speaking frequently of you with evident marks of partiality, made me, nevertheless, suspect a part of the secret, which the Irishman's visit soon unfolded entirely to me.

“ You know that he has been in our house some time ago, informing us of your exaltation to the ducal dignity, and at the same time, placed the declaration of the ghost, concerning the murder, in its proper point of view. However, you are still ignorant of the most important circumstance. I will not dwell on the uncommon praise he bestowed on your family, and you in particular, but only mention that he concluded his panegyrics with the observation, that the Countess herself would deem you deserving her love, if she should be acquainted more intimately with your Grace. This unexpected turn perplexed Amelia evidently.

dently. She replied, she did not doubt the amiable qualities of the Duke, however she had vowed eternal fidelity to the Count. “If that is your sole objection,” the Irishman replied, “then I shall soon remove it. The deceased himself shall release you from your vow, from the performance of which he can derive neither benefit nor pleasure; it is in my power to make him declare it himself.” “No, no!” exclaimed Amelia, terrified, “the rest of the deceased shall not be interrupted; I should not be able to stand the sight of him.” “No apparition, my Lady,” the Irishman replied, “you shall neither hear nor see the deceased!”—With these words he took a blank piece of paper out of his pocket-book, requesting Amelia to write upon it the following words:—“Spirit of the Count of Clairval, shall I preserve my heart and hand faithful to thee till death, according to my vow?” As soon as the Countess had been persuaded to it with great difficulty, and wrote these words, the Irishman prevailed upon her to carry the paper to an apartment to which no one could

could have access without her knowledge and leave. Amelia chose the apartment contiguous to her bed-chamber. The shutters were bolted from within, the paper placed upon a table, and the room strongly fumigated by the Irishman, who uttered some mysterious words. When they had retired, the Irishman requested her to return and look after the paper; however she could see nothing except the words writted by herself, upon which she shut the door, and put the key in her pocket.

“Sleep easy,” the Irishman added, and don’t open the chamber before to-morrow morning, when you will find an answer to your question.”

“The Irishman left us at eleven o’clock, and Amelia went to her bed-room, which she left not for a moment all the night.—She went to bed, but uneasiness and curiosity did not suffer her to close her eyes. Not the least noise was heard in the adjoining apartment, and when Amelia entered it early in the morning, she observed beneath the lines she had wrote, pale but legible characters, which she

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instantly

instantly knew to be the hand-writing of her deceased Lord—"Thy vow, which binds me to a being living upon earth, and thee to one who is deceased, shackles my liberty. I break these chains. The man by whose orders I have been assassinated is Vasco*^{el}los."

"Imagine how Amelia was astonished at an incident which evidently was the effect of a superior power; the apartment, the shutters, and the door of which had been carefully secured, and which was guarded by Amelia herself, being entirely inaccessible to any mortal, except by violent means, of which no traces could be perceived on the window shutters. This miraculous event was decisive for my friend, who professed herself entirely at liberty from that moment.

"Your Grace will easily believe me, that the tender attachment to you, which had found access to her heart, guarded by a solemn vow, acquired additional activity when the shackles were thrown off. The ghost himself appeared to have silently approved, by naming the real murderer, the passion for a Prince, whose fa-

ther had been injured by an unjust suspicion. Amelia endeavoured, nevertheless, to conceal from me the real state of her heart, and, out of caprice, rather would leave me to guess, than to confess herself, what might have been misinterpreted as a weakness. However, that very constraint which she experienced by concealing a secret that struggled to break its confinement, some words which she dropped unknowingly, her gloomy looks and silent melancholy—in short, all those traits which seem to have told you so very little of Amelia's secret sentiments, convinced me soon that love was the silent tormentor of her heart. I communicated my discovery to her, and she confessed at last that I was not mistaken."

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "she confessed—"

"And at the same time desired me earnestly to conceal it carefully from you; and do you know for what reason?"

"No!"

"Amelia feared she was not beloved by you. Your having proceeded on your travels during her illness without so much as
I taking

taking leave of her, made her already suspect your indifference. This suspicion gained additional strength by your never having wrote a single line to her after your departure. Your behaviour during your present stay with us too, has cured her of that error as little as the information of your departure."

"Should it be possible my love could have escaped Amelia's looks?"

"It did not escape my observation.—I gathered carefully all the marks of it, and communicated them to my friend. However, they appeared to her to be nothing farther than proofs of gallantry, which every well-educated man is wont to offer at the shrine of beauty. "Is it possible," she said, "that true, ardent love, could refrain so long from coming to an explanation?" And indeed, my Lord, can you say any thing against this objection?"

"My Lady, I could not entertain the least idea of such an explanation, while the misunderstanding concerning the murderer of Count Clairval was not removed, although I had not been ignorant of the

residence of Amelia, which was unknown to me ever since the removal from the castle in the forest, and the mysterious conduct of the Countess has prevented me from declaring now, what I ardently wished to avow publicly ever since I got acquainted with her. What has made *you* guess my happiness, has induced *me* to apprehend my misfortune—I even feared to offend the Countess by my presence. I expected secret dislike to me, at most pity, but never a return of my love.”

“I see you are but a novice in love,” Lady Delier said smiling, “and I have of course acted wisely that I opened your eyes!”

“O! my dearest Baroness!” I replied, kissing her hand, “my gratitude will end only with my life.”

“Silence! Silence!” she exclaimed, putting her hand on my lips, I have told you, as yet, only good news—the worst is coming now!”

“What can that be?” I asked with consternation.

“You shall hear Amelia’s own words:”
“The Duke” said she, “does not love
me,

me, and even if he should have a passion for me, and avow it, he should hear the confession of my reciprocal tenderness, but never receive my hand. I am indeed released of my vow, but my present liberty will raise my fidelity to my deceased Lord, which was till now mere duty, to merit, and I will remain constant to him, as far as it will be in my power. I cannot command my love for the Duke, however my hand is at my disposal."

"Heavens! how you have damped my happiness!" I replied after a painful pause.

"Should a mere whim of the Countess really be able to dishearten your Grace? you do not consider how soon the love of a living adorer can subdue the fidelity to a deceased husband. Amelia's heart is yours, and her hand will certainly follow."

"It is not only this incertitude that makes me uneasy; the Countess loves me because she cannot help it. Can a love which I do not owe to a voluntary attachment render me happy?"

“How you are roving! what ought to make you proud and happy damps your spirits. What was it that impelled Amelia irresistibly to love you? can it have been any thing else but the consciousness of your perfections, and an irresistible sympathy which has united your hearts; and what can be more desirable, what more sincere and durable than such bonds? My Lord, love has done every thing for you, and you have done nothing for love. Disclose to Amelia your sentiments, communicate to her your tenderness, and her involuntary attachment to you will soon be changed into a voluntary passion.”

“My dearest friend! my comforter!” I exclaimed, “what friendly genius is it that speaks through you, and animates my whole nature?”

“The genius of love—I have loved too, and know how to advise in affairs of the heart. But tell me sincerely, my Lord, would your father consent to a match beneath your dignity?”

“It would be of no consequence if he should not; I am Duke.”

“I un-

“ I understand you ; however I fear Amelia would never consent to a union which should be destitute of the benediction of the Marquis of Villa**al.”

“ My father loves me, and he will never oppose his only son in a matter upon which depends the happiness of his life.”

“ Well then ! I will leave you to your good fortune. I shall not fail to contribute as much as is in my power to promote that union. However, (added she with dignity) I expect from your candour, that you will not misinterpret my interview with you, and the interest I take in that affair.”

“ I look upon it as a proof of your inestimable friendship.”

“ O ! my children !” the Countess resumed with great emotion, “ I love you as a mother. I could not bear any longer that two people, who seem to have been born for each other, should misunderstand one another in a manner so tormenting to both of you. You will render Amelia happy, my Lord, or I am dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of you. With this hope I put the fate of my friend

entirely in your hand. I confide to your care an angel, whose early improvement was my work, and constitutes my pride, and whose perfections you scarcely know by half. I intrust to you a being of the purest and most excellent of hearts. Conclude from this, upon the confidence I repose in you."

"I shall endeavour to deserve it."

"Retire now, else we shall be surpris'd by Amelia; but take care not to make her suspect our interview and conversation. You even must not visit us this evening earlier than usual."

I promised it, and retired. My whole frame had been in a feverish tremor from the beginning of our conversation. I could scarcely utter the most necessary answers to the discourses of the Baroness. To be beloved by Amelia! This intelligence imparadised me, and my heart could scarcely contain the unspeakable bliss which had been showered down upon me.* I went home like a dreaming person,

* The editor has taken the liberty to curtail this, and many other passages, which depict the Duke as *loving or beloved*.

Ten, went again abroad, and my feet carried me, unknowing to me, to the spot whither a secret impulse urged me to go. However, the severe command of the Baroness had drawn a large circle around Amelia's abode, which repelled me. I hovered at the margin of it like a spell-bound spirit, and sighed for the arrival of the appointed hour. Never had the setting in of night been expected with more impatience, and the sun appeared to me to retire unusually late from the horizon.

At length the wished-for hour arrived; however, the moment when I was going to the house which contained all that was dear to me, an unspeakable anxiety damped suddenly my rapturous joy. I had promised not to betray by my behaviour the intelligence which the Baroness

beloved, and portray the disposition of his mind; nay, to omit them entirely whenever it could be done without spoiling his tale. His character, and the different situations in which we shall behold him, will always suggest to the reader, whose sensibility and imagination are of a lively nature, the state of his heart; the rest may easily supply this defect from *Novels*.

had imparted to me, and yet I deemed it impossible to preserve such a dominion over myself if the vehemency of my state of mind should not abate. This was the source of my anxiety, which added to the danger of exposing myself, because it deprived me of the small remnant of self dominion which my rapturous joy had left me. I entered the house. The woman of the Countess told me her Lady was in the garden. I went through several rows of trees without finding her. The moon peeped now and then through the fleecy clouds, and concealed her silvery orb again. The great extent of the garden, and the impetuous state of my mind, increased the difficulty of finding the idol of my heart. At length, stepping forth from a side path, enclosed with high hedges, I fancied I saw something stirring at a distance, near a statue. Having advanced some paces, the light of the moon reflecting from the marble statue upon Amelia, removed every doubt. I approached with tottering steps, and found Amelia reclining against the pedestal of a Diana, and immersed in profound meditation.

tion. The rustling of the dry leaves beneath my footsteps, roused her from her reverie.

"Good evening, my Lord," said she with evident confusion, "have you not met Lady Delier?"

"No, my Lady! I have not."

"She left me some time since, and might already have returned."

"Very strange! I am come to take leave, and meet you first by accident."

"Leave?" she replied with surprise "Then you are determined to depart to-morrow."

"I must."

A long pause.

"And you are going to Ma***t?"

"To Ma***t, and from thence to my native country."

A second pause. At length she said with emphasis and affection: "Heaven protect you on your journey."

"Dearest Countess—"

"What is the matter with you, my Lord?" Amelia exclaimed, fixing her eyes on me, "Good God, how pale you look!"

The emotions of my heart were dreadful; my working bosom threatened to burst. "God knows," I replied with a faltering voice, "whether I shall see you again."

"We shall certainly meet again," said she, looking up to heaven.

"Merciful God! should my hopes blossom first beyond the grave?"

"What hopes?" she exclaimed with inquisitive astonishment.

"And do you not divine how this separation will wound my heart?"

Amelia looked anxiously around, as if seeking Lady Delier; and then fixed her eyes again doubtfully on me.

"My Lord, your words and your behaviour are mysterious to me."

"Then receive their explanation kindly," I replied, letting myself down on one knee, and taking hold of her hand, "I love you."

The Countess was struck dumb with surprise.——"And this you tell me when taking *leave*!" she lisped at length.

I fancied I perceived a soft pressure from her hand, and returned it with glowing lips.

lips. She bent her taper form to raise me up, and Lady Delier stepped suddenly between us. "What do I see?" she exclaimed, dissembling astonishment, "a declaration of love?"

Amelia remained silent, and the Baroness repeated her question.

"A declaration, my Lady!" I replied, but no answer.

"My sweet friend," she whispered archly in Amelia's ear, "I hope you will not let him despair."

"I cannot conceive, my Lord," Amelia replied, "why you make this declaration when taking *leave*!"

I told her nearly the same I had said to the Baroness in the morning. Amelia viewed me a long time with silent astonishment, and at length replied:

"A misunderstanding, a misunderstanding on both sides! very strange indeed!" she shook her head smiling.

"My dearest love," the Baroness exclaimed, "look at the Duke, how he watches every word of yours, in hope of receiving an answer."

Amelia

Amelia seemed to hesitate what to reply; however, after a short silence, said to me with the innate dignity of a noble, generous mind: “My Lord, if you want to have a consort, then I must beg you to forget me. But if you are in quest of a loving heart, then—” added she in a low accent, and with crimsoning cheeks, “you have found it.”

I don't know what I replied, nor can I recollect what I said afterwards; for from the moment she had pronounced the confession of her reciprocal love, I thought myself transported to Paradise, and breathed in a new and better sphere. The possession of Amelia's heart, ensured to me by the declaration of her own lips, had expelled from my breast every terrestrial wish; my whole nature seemed to me exalted and purified of all earthly dregs, and the flame which had penetrated my frame, was a sacred fire cleared of every particle of sensuality. O! innocent love, thou offspring of the sacred affinity of two congenial souls, thou art perhaps the sole species of union and enjoyment, which is capable to afford us here below a notion
of

of the union and the pleasure of the inhabitants of the heavenly regions. How natural therefore, if we, particularly in the first moments of enjoyment, are incapable to express such sentiments by words. However, my faltering accents, my confused expressions, and my incoherent sentences, seemed nevertheless to be as well understood by Amelia, as if she were reading in my soul, which I could conclude from her words, and the still plainer speaking play of her mien. Love had diffused over her countenance new and unspeakable charms, which surrounded her with a glory that made her appear to me a more than mortal being. And to be beloved by her—that bliss would have overpowered me, if I had not been made acquainted with my happiness in the morning.

Lady Delier, who had left us to ourselves all the time, interrupted us at length. “Children!” said she, “do you know that it is not far from eleven o’clock?” I started up as if some grisly spectre had surprised me, because I recollected the *Unknown*, eleven o’clock being the time
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when I had promised to meet him at the place of rendezvous at a considerable distance. I was obliged to take leave of Amelia.

To take leave!—without knowing whether I should ever see her again, for I was to depart the next morn with the dawn of day. This idea overpowered me so much, that I promised Amelia and myself to visit her once more to-morrow before my departure. Our separation was, nevertheless, so afflicting, the parting on both sides so difficult, and the last adieu pronounced with quivering lips.—Alas! a secret presentiment seemed to whisper in my ear that we should meet no more. How many times did I attempt to go and stopped again—how many times did I go and return again to assure Amelia that I should certainly see her once more!—Her emotions seemed, indeed, to be less vehement than mine, however, I could not be deceived, and observed the secret workings of her soul, perceived the pearly tear that started from her eye and the violent heaving of her bosom.

Lady

Lady Delier did not long remain an idle spectator, exhorting us to dedicate the present moment to joy, and to yield to our grief to-morrow, tearing the Countess from my arms and wishing me a good night.

I stopped once more on the terrace, saw the two ladies retiring to a grove of beech-trees, and Amelia turn twice, beckoning to me. My tears flowed fluently, my arms were expanded for her, the darkness of the night concealed her from my wishful looks. I rushed mechanically into the street, and arrived at the place of rendezvous without knowing how. It was a lonely spot covered with trees. The Irishman soon joined me.

“My time is short,” he said, “and I have to tell you a great deal; let us sit down.” So saying he led me to a stone bench beneath a spreading oak, and we seated ourselves.

He seemed to observe my being violently agitated, and kept a long and solemn silence to give me time to recover.—“I wish, my dear Duke!”—he at length began, “that you may not expect more from
this

this interview than I am allowed to give. I must confine myself merely to the theoretical part of that occult science to which I have promised to initiate you after the time of probation shall be finished. However, it is here as it is with all other sciences ; the pupil of sense guesses by the theory, what he may expect from the practical part of the science—as a painter beholds in a sketch the picture which is to be drawn, or as an architect sees in the plan drawn on the paper the building which is to be constructed ; be therefore satisfied with what I dare impart to you for the present.”

“ I do not desire you to disclose to me, more than I am able to bear at present.”

The Irishman paused again, and then began thus :

“ If our powers of perception were confined only to our senses, the visible world would then encompass all our ideas, sentiments, wishes and hopes. No idea of spirits, of God and of immortality would raise us above the sphere of materiality. In order to produce and to conceive these ideas a supersensible faculty is

required. This faculty which, if closely examined, bears not the least resemblance to the rest of our intellectual powers, is called *reason*. The idea of the whole sensible world offers nothing to us that is not corporeal, finite, and perishable. However the territory of reason opens to us a prospect to a world without bounds, and of an everlasting duration; displays to us a kingdom of spirits which is governed by *one* Infinite Spirit after wise and sacred laws. An unknown world of which we had not the most distant notion, of which sensation gives us not the least hint, and for which our senses have no perception nor scale, opens to our view when our reason begins to unfold itself. You see, therefore what faculty of the soul must be our guide in our present investigation, if we wish to penetrate, by means of it, to the kingdom of spirits."

"Reason!"

"Certainly! there is no other choice left; and therefore let us learn to value and to use this light that illuminates the darkness in which every object disappears from

from the eyes of mere sensitive men, or at most appears very *obscure* to them. That man whose reason is overdarkened, or discomposed by sensuality, either will deny the existence of spirits and our relation to them, or attribute to them the contradictory shape which his disordered imagination has hatched out, like the blind-born, who denies the existence of colours as ridiculous and absurd, or if he believes the unanimous testimony of those that see, imagines colours to bear some resemblance to sounds. Unbelief and superstition afford us numberless instances of people of that description. Only the more impartial have always maintained that one ought not to judge precipitately of these objects, and only the wisest of mankind have been able to form a just judgment of them."

"O Hiermanfor! introduce me to the circle of the latter. I have already in the different periods of my life adhered to all the other parties. In the days of my earlier youth I believed in apparitions, like the most ignorant of the lowest class. In a more advanced period of life I fancied

“I was convinced of the impossibility of apparitions, and ever since I got acquainted with you, I have been wavering between unbelief and superstition. It was but lately that I resolved to postpone my judgment on these subjects, till I should be better convinced, and this conviction I expect of you.”

“I will not disappoint your hope ; however, I must repeat once more that I can lead you to truth by no other road but that of reason purified from all sensual dregs. You will find it difficult to pursue that road, and it will be no easy task to me to guide you. I shall be obliged to avoid all emblematic language, in order to convey to your mind these supersensible notions in their natural purity, and it will be necessary that you should know how to apply the abstractest and purest notions, although they should contradict your present manner of perception.”

“I shall at least not be wanting in attention and good-will.”

“First of all, it will be necessary to agree in the notion of what is called *spirit*. The best method of fixing that notion

notion will be to examine what the word *spirit* means according to the general rules of language. If one says, man consists of body and spirit, by the former a corporeal, and by the latter an incorporeal being is understood. We have, therefore, a common point from which we can proceed in our investigation. *Spirit* is opposite to body. In this point we agree according to the most general meaning and use of the word."

"I do."

"Let us see what follows thence! Every *body* is a compounded, extended, impenetrable being, subject to the laws of motion, consequently, every *spirit* is a simple, unextended and penetrable being not subjected to the laws of motion."

"Exactly so!"

"Bodies are extended, that is they occupy a *room*, and the proportion which one body bears to the other in point of *room*, constitutes its *place*; spirits are not extended, and consequently exist in no *room*, and in no *place*."

"How am I to understand this?"

"Just as I have said.—But let me elucidate

elucidate my argument. Why cannot two bodies exist at the same time, in the same space? Because they exclude each other on account of their extension and impenetrability. Two bodies must, of course, occupy two different places, if existing at the same time; that is, every individual body must occupy its own individual place. And why must every body occupy its *own* place?"

"Because of its expansion and impenetrability."

"Very well! But these two qualities cannot appertain to a spirit, and, consequently, a spirit can occupy no place."

"This seems really to follow."

"This argument can also be stated thus: a spirit has, as a simple being, neither a right nor a left, neither a front nor a back side, and consequently can have no relation from *no side* to any thing that occupies a space. The conclusion is very palpable."

"Then a spirit could occupy no room in the whole material world?"

"Would you perhaps assign to spirits a place in the immaterial world? How
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could you imagine, without contradiction, that space or place can exist in *such* a world? If one spirit does not occupy a room, then all spirits together can occupy none, how could therefore any proportion exist among them with relation to space or place?"

"I comprehend and do not comprehend you. You want to convince me of the possibility of apparitions of spirits, and deny the existence of spirits; for if they do occupy no place either in the visible or invisible world, *where* else can they exist?"

"How sensitive and confused your ideas are! Don't you perceive that your question is equal to this: *in which place* do spirits exist? and that, of course, you premise in your question what I have just clearly proved to be absurd. Do you not comprehend that *room* and *place* are nothing else but *external* qualities, only relations of *material* things? and do you believe that the existence of any being depends merely on external qualities and material relations?"

"Have patience with me!"

"I have;

“ I have ; for I am well aware how difficult it is to abstract from material ideas ; however, since they cannot be applicable to spirits we must renounce them, else we cannot pass over the bounds of the material world.”

“ I intreat you, Hiermanfor, to go on !”

“ From our investigation we have learnt, as yet, nothing farther than what a spirit is *not*, and what attributes *cannot* be ascribed to it. We now must endeavour to state what *real* qualities constitute the nature of spirits. One of them we have already touched upon ; I mean, independence on the laws of physical nature, or *arbitrary choice*. A second quality presses upon us, namely the *faculty of perception*, which our soul is endowed with like all other spirits. And now we are enabled to form a notion of spirits, which, however imperfect it be, yet is determined : a spirit is a simple being, endowed with *arbitrary choice*, and the *faculty of perception*. Don't you think that this definition answers the common manner of speaking.”

“ An additional proof of its fitness.”

“ In the same manner in which the body evinces its existence, by the material effect it produces in the room, the spirit likewise proves its existence by the manifestation of its faculty of perception and of free will. However evident and generally received this proposition is, yet it is misapplied very frequently ; for it is, according to my premises, absolutely false, and nothing else but a kind of optic illusion, if we imagine our soul to be inclosed in the human body, nay even in some particular place of it. This illusion may be opposed by any other : there are diversions of thought, in which the thinking principle leaves our body so entirely, that only the animal powers are active in the latter, and on the return of our awakening self-consciousness, the soul seems to return from far distant regions. However, this too is mere illusion. We can say nothing farther of the union which subsists between our soul and body, than that our soul is sensible of the existence of a corporeal organ, the mutations of which harmonise exactly with her ideas and resolutions ; however, as you never
will

will suppose that your spirit is inclosed by the walls of Amelia's distant habitation, where your whole soul, with all her sentiments and ideas, is, as it were, translocated to; so your spirit can also not be supposed to be inclosed in your body, which seems to be its common residence. No, no, my Lord, that cannot be! the bonds of space can never fetter an immaterial being to a material one."

"This is indeed the natural conclusion which flows from your premises; but by *what* bonds should then the communion between body and soul be preserved?"

"Your question refers to a fact, the answer to it, consequently, belongs to the practical part of this philosophy. Yet (added the Irishman, after some reflections) I can give you a hint upon that head, which will throw some light upon it: Every substance, consequently the body too, must possess an internal activity, that is the invisible cause of its external actions, which are visible in the space. This internal principle of the body, acts upon the spirit in the same manner in which the spirit acts upon this principle. Soul and

body, consequently, cannot act upon each other *immediately*, but only by means of this principle. As all material beings, concretively taken, compose a great totum, which is called the physical world, so the concrete of all immaterial beings composes what we call the immaterial world. It follows from the antecedent, that the order, regularity, and union which are seen in the former world, are entirely different from the order, regularity, and union which prevails in the latter world. All material beings are subject to the sceptre of stern necessity, and kept in order by physical laws; the rank which these beings maintain towards one another, is founded either on innate qualities, or such as have been attributed to them by general agreement; and they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another, according to their relations constituted by space and time.—How different is this in the material world! rational beings, endowed with free will, are subject to no other laws but to those of morality; the prerogatives and degrees which subsist among them, depend

pend on the different degrees of their wisdom and virtue, and according to the similarity or difference of their manner of thinking, and of their sentiments, they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another; that is, they harmonize, or disharmonize. Man belongs, by virtue of his body and soul, to both of these worlds, and, consequently, is connected with the material and immaterial world. It may therefore happen, that the same person who acts an important part on earth, in virtue of his physical or political situation, occupies at the same time the lowest degree among the superterrestrial beings; that the soul of a body whose beauty charms every eye here below, is an indifferent, or a contemptible object in the spiritual world; that the soul of an inhabitant of Saturn, and that of an inhabitant of the earth, with regard to their spiritual communion, are oftentimes, nearer neighbours than the souls of those whose abode is beneath the same roof."

"This is very plain!"

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“ The human soul, of course, is already, in this life, connected with the members of the invisible world, and this connection is lasting and essential, while that with the body is accidental and transient. However a union of substances, that is, of active natures, cannot be supposed to exist without a reciprocal influence; consequently the human soul must have an effective influence upon the spirits to whom she is linked, and the members of the spiritual world must act reciprocally on our soul. But why are we not equally sensible of these reciprocal influences and communications, as of those which subsist between our soul and body? The cause of this is very obvious. The human spirit can have a clear idea only of the objects of the material world, because of its corporeal organ; it is, therefore, not even capable of a clear immediate contemplation of its own self, much less of its immaterial relations to other spirits: the difference which exists between those ideas which arise in our soul by means of its immateriality, and its communion with spiritual beings, and the ideas which it receives by the medium of

the body, or abstracted from material objects, is so essential, that the ideas of the former kind cannot come in connection with those of the latter; for which reason we have either no notion at all of them, or, at most, a very obscure one; however, we become plainly conscious of them as soon as the union of the soul and its corporeal organ ceases."

"This, Hiermanfor, seems, in some measure to be the case when we are sleeping, and the sensitive organs are resting from their occupations. Should therefore those philosophers of antiquity, who have believed that in our dreams we are capable of being influenced by superior being, and of receiving supernatural inspirations, be mistaken?"

"There is, certainly, some truth in this remark. I must, however, observe, that we do not possess that capacity when dreaming, but when we are fast asleep. It is commonly thought that we have only obscure notions in the latter state, and this opinion arises from our not recollecting them when we awake; however, on what ground can one conclude therefrom

that they have not been clear while we were sleeping? Such ideas, perhaps, may be clearer and more extensive, than even the most perspicuous when we are awake, because the activity of our soul is neither modified nor confined by any thing whatever, the sensitive organs being intirely at rest. However, this very rest of our sensitive organs, is the cause which prevents the re-production of these ideas when we are awake, our sleeping body having no share in them, and, consequently, being destitute of its concomitant notion of them; they, of course, remain insulated in our soul, having no connection at all with those ideas which arise within ourselves before and after we are fast asleep, and in which our body takes a greater or a smaller share. This is not the case with our dreams; for when we are dreaming, the faculties of the soul do not act so pure and uncontrouled as when we are fast asleep. Dreaming is an intermediate state between waking and sleeping. We have then already, in some measure, clear ideas, and interweave the actions of our soul with the impressions of our exterior senses,

senses, whereby a strange, and sometimes ridiculous mixture is engendered, which we partly recollect when we awake."

"You have, as yet, proved only the probability of clear notions during our being fast asleep; could you not also prove their reality?"

"Certainly! however these arguments do not belong to the theoretical part of our philosophy. Yet I must beg of you to recollect, en passant, the actions of some noctambulos, who sometimes, during the profoundest sleep, show more understanding than at any other time, but cannot recollect those actions when awake?"

"This is true!" I exclaimed, "this throws an astonishing light upon this matter."

"Yet not only while asleep," the Irishman continued, "but also when awake, many people can be capable of having a clear notion of their connection with the spiritual world, and the influence of spirits upon them. Yet the essential difference which exists between the notions

of *spirits* and those of *men* is a great impediment, which, however, is not at all insurmountable. It is true that man cannot have an *immediate* notion of those spiritual ideas, because of the co-operation of his corporeal organs; however they can, in virtue of the law of the association of ideas, produce in the human mind those images which are related to them, and consequently procreate analogical representations of our senses, which, although they are not the spiritual actions themselves, yet are their symbols."

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Examples will render the matter more intelligible to you. Experience teaches that our superior intellectual notions, which are near a-kin to the spiritual ideas, commonly assume a bodily garb, in order to render themselves perspicuous. Thence the poet transforms wisdom into the Goddess Minerva, the strings of conscience into furies, and personifies virtues and vices; the mathematician describes time by a line, and is there any philosopher who always forms an idea even of the Godhead, without intermixing

mixing human qualities? In that manner ideas, which have been imparted to us by spiritual influence, may dress themselves in the symbols of that *language* which is common to us, and the presence of a spirit which we perceive, assume the image of a *human shape*—witness the late apparition of your tutor.—Thus the theory of all supernatural inspirations and visions is ascertained; consequently the apparitions of spirits have that in common with our dreams, that they represent to us effects which are produced within ourselves, as if happening *without ourselves*; however, at the same time, they differ from them with respect to their being really founded upon an effect from *without*, a spiritual influence. However this influence cannot reveal itself to our consciousness immediately, but only by means of associated images of our fancy, which attain the vivacity of objects really perceived. You see, therefore, what an essential difference there is between the phantoms of our dreams, and the apparitions of spirits. But here is the boundary of theory. The criterion whereby apparitions of spi-

rits, in every particular case, can be distinguished with certainty, from vain phantoms, and supernatural inspirations from natural ideas, and the means of effecting apparitions, and of obtaining assistance and instructions from spiritual beings; these and several more things belong to the practical part of the occult philosophy.

“ Here my Lord, I must conclude for the present, and drop the curtain. Stress of time obliges me to abbreviate my discourse on a subject which would not be exhausted in many days; however I may safely leave to your own understanding the finishing and enlargement of this sketch. Suffice it that I have enabled you to comprehend the apparition of your friend, and to see that reason does not pronounce judgment against subjects of this nature, but rather is the only mean which affords us light and certainty with respect to them. The theory which I have given you may, at the same time, serve you to judge whether it will be worth your trouble to be initiated in the
A mysteries

mysteries of the practical part of this philosophy. However, I must tell you, that no mortal who has not sanctified himself by bridling his sensitive nature, and purifying his spiritual faculties, can be admitted to that sanctuary. Are you resolved to do this?"

"I am, put me to the test!"

"Then depart with the first dawn of day for Ma**id, without taking leave of the Countess."

The Irishman could not have chosen a severer trial, nor demanded a greater sacrifice. The combat which I had to fight with my heart, before I could come to a resolution, was short but dreadful.—I promised the Irishman to execute his will.

"Well!" said he, "then hear what measures you are to take. As soon as you shall be arrived at Ma**id you must, without delay, wait upon the Prime Minister, Oliv**ez, and the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, but take care not to discover your political views to either of them; pretend that you intend to stay some time at Ma**id merely for the sake
of

of amusement. Repeat your visits till you have gained their confidence. Your winning demeanor, my Lord, and your intimate connection with Vascon*ellos will render this conquest easy.—Farewell, at Ma**id we shall meet again !”

We parted. The Irishman returned once more. “Your manner of life while at Ma**id,” said he, “will require great expences, and you must be well provided with money. I have taken care that you shall be well supplied with that needful article. You will find in your apartment a sum which you may dispose of at pleasure.” So saying, he left me suddenly.

On coming home, I found on my table two bags with money, each of them containing a thousand ducats. Pietro told me they had been brought by a servant of the Irish Captain.

No one will doubt that I was now entirely devoted to the Irishman. By his discourse at the burying place he had *persuaded*, and by his liberality *convinced* me, that I could not do better than to let myself be guided entirely by him; and as I at first had been determined to this by
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the conquering superiority of his soul, so I was now confirmed in it by the applause of my reason. Nay, if the Irishman should now have offered to break off all connection with me, I should have courted his friendship, so much had I been charmed by the profound wisdom of his discourse. Not the least vestige of mistrust against his secret power was left in my soul, and the very regard for philosophy which but lately had prejudiced me against him, was now one of the strongest bonds that chained me to him.—How agreeably was I surprised to find in *Reason* herself, whom I formerly had thought to be the principal adversary of the belief in miracles, the most convincing arguments for the same, and to have been conquered with the same weapons which I had been fighting with against the Irishman, without having the least reason to reproach him with having had recourse to any stratagem whatever. The frankness and the strength of argument which distinguished every step of his philosophical instruction, were to me the most unexceptionable security for the
justness

justness of the result. If he had delivered his arguments in a flowery and mysterious language, supported by the charms of declamation, then I should certainly have suspected them; however he had made use of the cool, simple, and clear language of reason, divested of all sophistical artifices; started from principles which are generally received, drew no conclusions to which he was not entitled by his premises, combated errors and prejudices upon which he could have founded surreptitious conclusions; nay, it appeared as if he, unmindful of what he was to prove, had left it entirely to the course of his impartial inquiry whether it would lead him, and I beheld myself, with astonishment, on the conclusion of it, at the mark from which the road we had taken threatened to lead us astray.

I cannot describe the wonderful bold ideas which the instructions I had received produced in my mind, nor the awfully agreeable sensations which those ideas were accompanied with. The rising sun surprised me in that indescribable
state

state of mind, and reminded me by his rays, that it was time to set off.

I made, without delay, the requisite preparations, and in a quarter of an hour, stepped in my carriage. I looked once more back to the spot where Amelia resided, and drove through the city-gate.

At the first stage I wrote to her that an unforeseen important accident had forced me to set out on my journey so early in the morning that it would have been unbecoming to pay her the promised farewell visit; I vowed to return on pinions of love, as soon as my business at M****d should be settled. I painted with lively colours all the pains of separation, and all the tenderness of an afflicted heart, in order to convince Amelia, that I had been forced by stern necessity to depart without seeing her once more. Alas! the farther the rolling carriage removed me from the dear object of my love, the more I grew sensible of the greatness of the sacrifice which I had made to the Irishman. I examined my letters and papers in order to divert my gloomy thoughts, and found one more copy of a letter from the Irish-

man

man which I had not yet decyphered. The following is the result of my endeavours to unfold its contents :

‘ MY LORD,

‘ My designs on Miguel had very
‘ near been ruined by the loss of his life ;
‘ and in some measure I myself have been
‘ the cause of his having been hurried to
‘ the brink of destruction. But who
‘ could have foreseen such an event !
‘ With the leave of your Excellency, I
‘ shall relate the incident at large.

‘ I had sent one part of my servants to
‘ follow Miguel on his journey. I myself
‘ staid behind in order to make an attempt
‘ of restoring the health of the Countess,
‘ for whose life the ignorance of her phy-
‘ sician had made me tremble. The success
‘ I met with surpassed my most sanguine
‘ expectation. Some drops of an electuary
‘ which I poured into the mouth of the
‘ Countess produced so sudden an effect,
‘ that, in a few hours, the most unequiv-
‘ cal signs of returning health were per-
‘ ceived.

ceived. As soon as I had been informed of this desirable change, I followed Miguel with the rest of my people, having previously ordered the valet of the Countess to write three days after to the Duke, that the Countess was dead—and in a few days later, that I had recalled her to life. At the same time I requested him to desire his dismissal from Amelia and to follow me, because I wanted his assistance in the execution of my designs. The view I had in commanding him to inform the Duke of Amelia's pretended death was to convince myself by the manner in which he should receive that intelligence, whether his love to the Countess had been only a transient attachment, or whether his passion for her was of a more serious nature, and what degree it had attained. I need not explain to your Excellency, how necessary this knowledge was to me. The second commission had no other aim, than to pour balsam in Miguel's wound, and at the same time, to make me appear to him a miracle-working being, and his and
Amelia's

‘ Amelia’s friend ; whereby I expected to
‘ gain his confidence.

‘ I pursued my road with so much
‘ speed, that I overtook Miguel before he
‘ had finished one half of his journey, and
‘ joined my people, who preceded me.
‘ As soon as the Duke had arrived at the
‘ place of his destination, and we along
‘ with him, I quartered my people in dif-
‘ ferent places in such a manner, that he
‘ was surrounded by them from all sides.
‘ I took a convenient house in the suburbs
‘ for myself, in order to escape his looks
‘ with greater safety.

‘ On the third day after our arrival,
‘ Miguel received the letter by which he
‘ was informed of the Countess’s death.
‘ The effect which this intelligence pro-
‘ duced upon him must have been a kind
‘ of frenzy. One of my people who
‘ watched all his steps, informed me late
‘ in the evening, he had seen Miguel rush-
‘ ing out of his house with every mark of
‘ despair in his countenance, and running
‘ with such a velocity that he and his com-
‘ rade hardly had been able to follow
‘ him. He added, that Miguel after two
‘ hours

‘ hours roaming about, had stopped not far
 ‘ from hence, at the banks of a river,
 ‘ where he was walking up and down, ab-
 ‘ sorbed in profound reverie.

‘ Soon after a second messenger told
 ‘ me, Miguel had plunged into the river,
 ‘ but one of his comrades who had watch-
 ‘ ed him narrowly, and leapt after him,
 ‘ had saved him, and was going to carry
 ‘ him to my house. A few minutes after,
 ‘ Miguel was brought by some of my
 ‘ people. He resembled a corpse, the
 ‘ palpitation of his pulse was scarcely
 ‘ perceptible, and he was entirely bereft
 ‘ of his recollection. I ordered him in-
 ‘ stantly to be carried to a spacious empty
 ‘ vault, and while some of my men endea-
 ‘ voured to restore him to the use of his
 ‘ senses, I was making preparations to
 ‘ chastise him severely when he should
 ‘ have recovered from his stupor.

‘ As soon as my servants perceived that
 ‘ he was recovering, I ordered him to be
 ‘ carried into the middle of the vault, and
 ‘ placed myself in deep disguise opposite
 ‘ him at a considerable distance, making a
 ‘ signal to those who were present to re-
 ‘ tire

‘ tire to an adjoining apartment, and to
‘ take the candles with them. No sooner
‘ was every thing in order, than I per-
‘ ceived by a deep groan of Miguel, that
‘ he had recovered his recollection.—
‘ His state of mind when awaking, must
‘ have been very strange. His recollec-
‘ tion told him, that he had plunged
‘ into the river, in a place where he
‘ saw nobody present, and now he awoke
‘ in a dry, empty, and spacious dark
‘ room: he must have fancied he awoke in
‘ another world; and this idea seems to
‘ have thrilled him with its acutest pun-
‘ gency, for he uttered a loud scream
‘ which made the vault resound.* This
‘ was the signal for which my people had
‘ been waiting in the adjoining chamber.
‘ They kindled a pole which was fixed
‘ near

* This is a mistake, for we know by the Duke’s own account, vol. I. p. 141, that he uttered this scream because he felt himself pulled down by an invisible hand when he was going to get up. The Irishman having known nothing of this circumstance, it is probable that the unknown cause of this pulling down, was no other than a foot of the Duke, with which he, in his stupor, kept his cloak down, when he was getting up without knowing it.

‘ near an aperture in the wall, and enve-
 ‘ loped with flax, and wetted with spirit of
 ‘ wine, which spread a faint light through
 ‘ the spacious vault. The astonishment
 ‘ which Miguel was seized with, when
 ‘ looking all around and seeing nothing
 ‘ but a man wrapt in a scarlet cloak, sur-
 ‘ passes all powers of description. His
 ‘ anxiety encreased when he saw me staring
 ‘ at him without replying a word to his
 ‘ questions, and heard one of my people
 ‘ exclaim, in a doleful accent, woe ! woe !
 ‘ woe ! When I, at last, stepped forth and
 ‘ made myself known to him, he prostrated
 ‘ himself, as if in the presence of a supe-
 ‘ rior being. I read him a severe lecture
 ‘ on his rash deed, and at the same time
 ‘ endeavoured to rouse his ambition for
 ‘ the service of his country, in which
 ‘ I succeeded. A soft music began at
 ‘ once in the adjoining chamber, on a
 ‘ signal which I made to my people. The
 ‘ melodious strains of a harp and a flute
 ‘ were accompanied by the sweet notes of
 ‘ an harmonious voice, which announced
 ‘ to the astonished Miguel that Amelia
 ‘ was alive. His rapture bordered on
 ‘ frenzy.

‘ frenzy. I ordered him to be silent,
‘ blind-folded him and delivered him to
‘ the care of a servant, whom I secretly
‘ ordered to conduct him to his hotel, and
‘ to return no answer to his questions.
‘ My deputy acquitted himself extremely
‘ well of his trust. He led him silently to
‘ his hotel, and when Miguel turned round
‘ the corner of the house, unfastened the
‘ bandage which blind-folded his eyes, and
‘ concealed himself in a house, the door of
‘ which was open. Miguel must have
‘ been strangely situated, when after a
‘ few steps the bandage dropped from his
‘ eyes and nobody was seen around him.
‘ Very fortunately the night was far ad-
‘ vanced, and the whole affair remained
‘ concealed.

‘ Thus happily ended an adventure
‘ which had begun in a manner so inauspi-
‘ cious.

‘ However, Palefki has committed a
‘ foolish trick, which I cannot forgive
‘ him. He desired his dismissal from
‘ the Countess, which being refused by his
‘ Lady, who imagined him to be a faith-
‘ ful

‘ful servant, he left her *clandestinely*. He
 ‘shall smart for this inconsiderate action.

‘I am, with the greatest respect,
 ‘&c. &c. &c.’

As far as this letter informed me that no superior power had had a share in the above mentioned adventure, it contained nothing that was new to me, for the Irishman himself had not concealed from me, that all the wonderful adventures which had happened to me before Paleski's confession had been the effect of illusion; however it was important to me to learn *how*, and by what artifices I had been deceived. I cannot but confess that this natural explanation of the whole affair excited my astonishment at the Irishman, not less than those adventures had surprised me at the time when I believed him to be a supernatural being, and that I ardently wished to have cleared up several other events of that epocha which I could not unriddle.

Soon after my arrival at M****d, I went to pay a visit to the minister. He received me very kindly, and discoursed

above an hour with me, although he was so overcharged with state-affairs that no stranger could get access to him. I was not less successful with the Secretary of State, in whose favour I ingratiated myself so much in the course of half an hour, that he professed himself extremely happy for having got acquainted with me. Both of them invited me to visit them frequently during my stay at M****d, an invitation which I took care to make the best use of.

I perceived soon with astonishment and joy, that I was getting nearer the mark much sooner than I had expected first. Though I am of opinion that the visibly growing favour of these two courtiers was partly founded on personal attachment, yet the Irishman had not been mistaken when he told me, that the relation which existed between myself and Vascon*ellos would render the access to their confidence easier. Sum**ez, the Secretary of State, enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the Minister, and was related to Vascon*ellos. Therefore the friendship of the latter paved for me the road to

Sum**ez,

Sum**ez, and the friendship of Sum**ez to Oliva*ez. The two Secretaries of State were the chief administrators of the government; Sum**ez in the council of Port**l, at Ma***d, and Vascon*ellos in the council of state at Li*bon, and consequently were the vice-tyrants of my native country, who jointly executed the designs of Oliv**ez, who in the name of the King of Sp**n was at the helm of despotism.

That the Irishman had very well calculated these concatenations, will appear by the subsequent plan which he founded upon them. I had wrote to Amelia, and Lady Delier, as soon as I had arrived at M***d, and now received an answer from both of them. Every line of the former breathed heavenly love and kindness; the tender and amiable sentiments of her soul, purified by the trials of misfortunes, were palpably displayed in her letter, as in an unspotted mirror. O! how many a time did I kiss, read, and re-peruse it, till at length, what a sweet delusion of my enraptured imagination! I fancied I saw the amiable writer before me,

and heard from her lips the words which were written on the paper.—

The following passage in Lady Delier's letter struck me particularly: ' I neither
' have read Amelia's letter, nor has she
' read mine; however, if she has been
' sincere, she will have wrote to you many
' fond things, as I can guess by her grief
' at your departure, and by the warmth
' with which she is animated when she
' speaks of you. I think that Amelia's
' resolution not to marry again will be
' dropt, as soon as the murderer of her
' late Lord ceases to live, if not sooner.
' However, I would not have you to think
' that Amelia ever has mentioned any
' thing to that purpose, or that I believe
' that a noble spotless soul like hers, could
' harbour sentiments of revenge; but I
' suppose only that the amiable enthusiast
' perhaps fancies that the ghost of her murdered Lord will not enjoy a perfect tranquility and happiness, before the perpetrator of that villainous deed has received the just reward of his atrocious crime. Endeavour, my Lord, to settle
' your affairs at Mad**d as soon as possible,

‘ fible, in order to gladden our hearts by
‘ a speedy return.’

With regard to the latter point I wrote
to Amelia : ‘ My affairs make a rapid and
‘ fuccefsful progrefs, and I fhall soon fee
‘ your Ladyship again. See Amelia again!
‘ What happinefs do thefe words imply!
‘ Heavens, how great would my felicity
‘ be if I constantly could fix my eyes on
‘ the lovelieft of women! How superla-
‘ tively happy fhould I be if I were Ame-
‘ lia’s brother, in order that I could be
‘ constantly about her, and fpeak to her;
‘ or her flave, that I could breathe under
‘ the fame roof with her, follow her every
‘ where, and anticipate every wink and
‘ every wifh of hers.’

I had been about three weeks at Ma-
d**d when I vifited the minifter one even-
ing, and found him in company with a
perfon who, by his drefs, appeared to be
a man of rank. He feemed to be very
old and infirm, but conceive my aftonifh-
ment, when, on approaching nearer, I
fancied I difcerned the features of the
Irifhman, though every thing elfe was
fo entirely changed, that he appeared to

be quite a different person; a wig covered his head, his dark eye-brows were changed into grey, his complexion yellowish, his voice weak, and frequently interrupted by a hectic cough. The minister met me with the words: "My Lord Duke, I have the honour to present to your Grace the Marchese Ricieri, who lately is returned from a journey through your native country." The Marchese rose with difficulty, as it appeared, from his seat, and after reciprocal civilities, and a short conversation, took his leave.

My looks followed him with astonishment to the anti-chamber, and I found it extremely difficult to conceal my emotions from the minister, who told me that the Marchese had brought bad news from Port***l, where the spirit of sedition was said to be very busy. Not knowing how far I durst disclose my thoughts on that head without blundering upon the design of the Irishman, I returned an indifferent answer, and endeavoured to turn the conversation to some other object. Fortunately company was announced, I staid an hour longer, and then took leave.

On

On my way to the hotel, somebody tapped me on the shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "I am glad to see your Grace well." I turned round and the Irishman stood before me, dressed in black, and wrapt in a scarlet cloak. I was seized with astonishment. "I give you joy, my Lord;" said he in a friendly accent, "how do your affairs go on?" "Extremely well!" I replied, adding after some hesitation, "will you go with me to my hotel?" He accepted my invitation.

"Be so kind," said he when we were arrived at my apartment, "to take care that we are not interrupted, nor overheard!" This preamble made me expect to hear important matters, and I was not deceived. Having communicated to him how I had succeeded with Oliva*ez, and Suma*ez, he approved my diligence and discretion, adding, "it is now time to come nearer to the point. I am going to entrust you with two commissions, both of which are equally important."

"Let me hear what I am to do!"

"First of all you must endeavour to prompt the minister to publish a royal

edict, by which the Port****e nobility are ordered, under the penalty of losing their estates, to enter into the military service of Sp**n."

"Good God, what do you mean by that?"

"Then," he added, without noticing my exclamation, "you must advise the minister to seize the person of the Duke of Brag**za."

I stared at the Irishman. "Then the revolution is to be given up!" said I, after a pause of anxious astonishment.

"Not at all, it rather is to be promoted by these means."

"I cannot comprehend you;" I exclaimed, "you either are counteracting your own plan; or the revolution will be destroyed in the bud."

"My good Duke, one must frequently *appear* to counteract a plan in order to carry it into execution with greater safety. I will explain myself more distinctly." So saying, he pushed his chair closer to me, and continued in a lower accent: "Let us take a short view of the situation of your country. Not to mention the
enor-

enormous loss of its possessions abroad, which it has suffered during the subjection to Sp**n, the interior state of the empire is deplorable beyond description. The King of Sp**n looks upon your country as a conquered province, and takes the greatest pains to exhaust it entirely, in order to keep it in inactivity with more ease; the royal revenues of Port***l are either distributed among the favourites of the King, or mortgaged; more than 300 gallies, and 2000 cannons have been carried to Sp**n; the nobility are injured by the most unjust demands; the clergy must see their benefices in the possession of foreigners; the people are beggared by enormous taxes—in short matters have almost been carried to the highest pitch. So much the better, for this is a sign that our undertaking is ripe for execution. Let us strain the strings a little more, and they must break.”

“ And what then ?” said I with ardour. “ General commotion, and at the same time universal confusion will be the consequence; and it is very obvious that thus my country will not regain its liberty, but

rather be plunged in a more oppressive state of slavery. If the people are not supported by the nobility, and both parties not united under one common head, the furious unbridled populace will rage 'till the Sp***sh goads shall have reduced them again to obedience."

"You have divined my most secret thoughts," the Irishman replied. I was as if dropt from the clouds. "Then I have entirely misconstrued your words," I replied, "I am to endeavour to obtain an edict in virtue of which the Port****ze nobility are to be bound to enter in the service of Sp***n, under the penalty of losing their estates; I am to advise the minister to seize the Duke of B——a? Did you not say so?"

"Exactly so!"

"However, if the P——e nobility should enter into the Sp***sh service, how are they to be active in the service of *their country*? If the Duke of Bra***za should be seized, how will it be possible that he should become the head of the conspirators?"

"Heaven

“Heaven forbid your *ifs* should be realized !”

“But why the preparations for it? Indeed I do not comprehend you.”

“You soon shall; only suffer me to go on. The people must be supported by the accession of the nobility and clergy, and all parties guided by a common leader; thus far you are perfectly right: and in order to effect that purpose every preparation has been made, and the general commotion will be effected in a harmonious and regular manner, if *ever it can* be effected. But, dearest Duke, you look upon what *may* happen as already existing. I was saying just now, that matters have *almost* been carried to the highest pitch! one moment of rashness may ruin the most prudent plan. It is true, that the people and the clergy are waiting anxiously for the signal of a revolution; however the nobility are not sufficiently exasperated. Once already have they been ordered to enter into the service of Sp**n against the Cata**nians; however they were satisfied to evince their displeasure silently, by obeying the edict reluct-

antly and negligently. If in this situation of affairs that edict should be renewed, and the transgressors punished by the seizure of their estates, their resentment, which is burning under the embers, will soon burst out into a blaze; then all the states of the empire will be equally provoked, and it will be seasonable for the Duke of Bra***za to give the signal for a general commotion.”

“But is not this very Duke to be seized and imprisoned?”

“Neither is he to be seized, nor are the Port****ze nobility to enter into the Spa**sh service, but both parties are to be provoked, by the severest oppression, in such a manner that their resentment may break out into open revolt.”

“His father would not have wanted such a violent incitement; the Duke has, however, inherited very little of the spirit of his parent*.”

“A rash

* The Grandmother of the Duke of Brag**za had already attempted to enforce her claim to the throne; she was, however, obliged to yield to superior power. His father was hurt so much at the loss of the crown, that

“ A rash resolution is not always the firmest, nor is a precipitate deed always the best. And besides, the undertaking of the Duke of Bra***za is of such a nature, that he risks nothing less than his own and his family’s welfare ; it requires therefore a more mature consideration ?”

“ But if he should flinch back !”

“ His

that he had formed the design to seize the King of Sp***n when he stopped at his palace at Vi***ciofa, on his journey to Li*bon, and not to set him at liberty till he should have renounced to him the crown of Por***al. His friends represented to him how impossible it would be to accomplish this design ; however he could not be persuaded to desist from all farther attempts of getting possession of the sceptre of Por***al, and his people were frequently instigated by him to quarrel with the King’s Officers at Lisbon, on which occasion the populace evinced clearly how strong their attachment to the family of Bra***za was. But matters were never pushed any farther, the proper time when the crown of Por***al should be restored to its lawful possessors being not yet arrived. The old Duke was so much grieved at his unsuccessful attempt, that at length his reason was disordered. He spoke constantly of war and arms, and ordered his family, on his death-bed, to bury him with Royal pomp, which was actually done, though in secret.

“His retreat must be entirely cut off, and this is to be effected by the execution of the second commission which I have given you.”

“How am I to understand this?”

“You think this measure would be too harsh and violent, however it is not a mere arbitrary artifice, but adapted to the situation in which the Duke of Bra***za is at present. The minister of Sp***n is not ignorant of the fermentations in Po***al, and suspecting the Duke to be the chief source of them, his principal attention is directed to him.—But what could Oliva*ez have attempted against him as yet? Open force would have been fruitless, and not only forwarded the general revolt, but also justified the actions of the Duke. He was therefore forced to have recourse to art. At first he conferred the government of Mi*an upon the Duke, in order to have an opportunity of getting him in his power; however that keen-sighted nobleman declined that honour, pretending not to have sufficient knowledge of the country to acquit himself honourably of a trust

of so much importance. Soon after the minister found another opportunity of laying a new snare. The King of Sp**n having resolved to chastise the rebellious Catal*nians in person, the Duke was very civilly invited to accompany him in the field; but he begged to be excused, alledging that this would be attended with great expences, and that his finances were very low. However Oliva**z was not discouraged by this refusal, and has lately made a third attempt. A rumour having been spread all over the country, that a Fre*ch fleet was approaching the coasts of Po****al, probably with a view to make a descent, Oliva*z conferred upon the Duke an almost unlimited power to make the requisite preparations against the impending invasion, and particularly to review all the ports, to fortify and to garrison them. Meanwhile the Sp**ish Admiral, Don Lopez Ox**co had received secret orders to carry his fleet to a port where the Duke should be, to invite him to review it, and when he should have seized him, to sail with his prisoner to Sp**n. This plan was however rendered

dered abortive by a dreadful storm, which dispersed the fleet, and forced the Admiral to desist from his design of visiting the Port***ze ports. No new attempt has been made since, and the minister is silently hatching other artifices. Yet this calm is, without comparison, more dreadful than all the attempts which have been made. I know that he has an emissary in Port***, who watches secretly every step of the Duke *, whose liberty and life are in imminent danger. The ruin of the head of the conspiracy would be a mortal blow to the whole revolutionary society; even the imprisonment of the Duke would unnerve the hands of the conspirators. If, therefore, the revolution is to take place, the Duke must be secured against the secret machinations of the minister; I say the *secret* machinations, for if they should be carried on publicly, as it has been the case as yet, his snares may easily be evaded. For which reason it will be matter of great importance to persuade the minister to carry on his attempts in

* This emissary will soon be introduced to the reader.

in the usual way, and to effect this will be in your power. Nay, you yourself must frame and direct the designs upon the Duke."

"I fear," said I to the Irishman, "you expect more from my feeble exertions than I shall be able to perform."

"Hear first my plan! You are to go, the day after to-morrow, to Oliva*ez, and to inform him that you have received intelligence of the commotions in Por***al——"

"Besides," I interrupted him, "Oliva*ez has told me to-day that he has received an account of these commotions from a certain Marchese Ricieri, who is returned from his travels through Por***al."

"So much the better!" he replied, without returning my inquisitive look, or changing his countenance at the name Ricieri, "so much the better! then you have a prefacer, to whose introduction you can link your discourse. Tell, therefore, the minister, that the letter which you have received from Por***al makes it very plain to you, why the Duke had declined

declined all the invitations which the court had given him. Oliva*ez will request you to explain these words, and then you must reply, that you suspect the Duke of Brag**za to avoid the neighbourhood of the Court, because he is sensible he has deserved the resentment of the King by his disloyalty. At the same time you must add, that you are very sorry to be obliged to declare against so near a relation as the Duke; that, however, the voice of your conscience has more weight with you than that of consanguinity, and that your allegiance to the King of Sp**n and your country, which has been reduced to the greatest distress by the constant internal commotions, does not suffer you any longer to regard as a friend, the man who was the chief cause of all these troubles. Thus you will gain the confidence of the minister, and he will ask you what measures for seizing the Duke you think would be most proper and safe. Take hold of that opportunity to convince the minister that, and for what reason, violent measures of any kind, would produce the worst consequences.

sequences. Approve of the means which the wisdom of his policy has already adopted as the safest, by which the Duke ought to be persecuted till no farther evasion should be left for him. Oliva-
*ez will desire you to give him your opinion more at large, and then you must address him to the following purpose :—
“ I am of opinion that you ought to inform the Duke of the misfortune which has befallen the fleet, and to charge him, under the pretext that this had rendered the situation of the empire very perilous, with the commission to inspect all the strong places of the kingdom, and to fortify them where he shall think it requisite. At the same time you will do well to order all the commanders of the fortified towns to seize the Duke as secretly as possible. In order to prevent any evasions under the pretext of want of money, you must send him, at the same time, a sum sufficient for defraying the expences of his journey.”

“ But suppose,” said I, “ this proposal should be accepted, how could the Duke of Brag**za escape the snare ?”

“ Can

“Can we not apprize him of his danger? If he cannot find means to escape the snare by dint of art, he must have recourse to open force, and call to arms. Thus the revolution will begin, and our chief aim be attained.”

“One can predict,” the Irishman continued, “with some degree of certainty, that Oliva*ez will not reject that proposal, which is nothing but a continuation of his former plan, and, of course, will flatter his conceit. As soon as you shall have carried this point, you must endeavour to effect the promulgation of the edict against the nobility; which will be no difficult task, if you pretend to have been informed by letters from Por***al, that the major part of the nobility is entirely devoted to the Duke, and will support him if a revolt should break out.—Hence you may draw the conclusion that the fermentation in Por***al will never cease, and the wisest measures against him, though ever so successful, will not have the desired effect, while the nobility shall not be employed somewhere else, and forced to submit to the edict by which they

they are ordered to enter into the service of Sp**n. I advise you, at the same time, to add, that the indulgence which has been shewn to those who have refused to obey the proclamation of the Court, will render the nobility more daring, and the Duke of Brag**za more dangerous. In short, you must exert every power of persuasion to incite the minister to renew and to enforce that edict."

After a short pause the Irishman added: —“ This advice would appear suspicious, if proposed by any other person but yourself. You have gained, already, his confidence to such a degree, that it will derive additional strength from your apparent zeal. And indeed every thing that can contribute to remove all traces of suspicion from you concurs in your person! The proposals which you are to make have not only the appearance of destroying the design of the Duke and the conspirators, but you have also been on your travels when they were fabricated, and of course, cannot be suspected of having the least share in them. While you have been here your time has been
spent

spent in amusements and diversions, how could you, therefore, be supposed to have been capable of paying any attention to deep laid intrigues of state? On the contrary, the minister is no stranger to your father's fidelity to the King of Sp**in, and of the secret hatred which your family harbours against the Duke of Brag**za; how could, therefore, your proposal appear to him otherwise than natural and sincere? Your friendship for Velas*os alone would be sufficient to make him believe so."

"I need not to remind you," added the Irishman, when he was going to leave me," "not to forget to interest the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, for your transactions."

"But suppose," I replied, "I should acquit myself of my charge to your satisfaction, how am I to conceal the matter from my father?"

The Irishman replied after a momentary consideration: "If the minister should approve your proposals, you must request him frankly not to mention any thing to the Marquis, pretending to intend

tend to surprise him in an agreeable manner, by an oral account, when the whole affair shall be happily concluded."

Before he took leave, he enjoined me to be circumspect, courageous, and active.

I cannot say whether it was owing to the execution of this advice, to the facility of the task, or to favourable accidents, that I carried my point without difficulty. The minister approved my plan; the Duke of B---a received the above mentioned order along with 40,000 ducats, and the edict concerning the nobility was renewed. However, the Duke of B---a again escaped the snare. He did, indeed, execute the orders of the Sp***sh court, travelled all over Por***l, and observed every where how the people were devoted to him; the money he had received, and the power that was entrusted to him, enabled him to gain many friends, and he entered the fortified towns so well escorted, that none of the Sp***sh governors dared to seize him.

The Irishman who gave me this information, provided me at the same time with

with instructions how to act if the minister should complain of the miscarriage of my plan, which soon happened. Oliva*ez acquainted me very peevishly, with the bad success of our undertaking. "We may yet carry our point," I replied, after some reflection, with seeming unconcern. "If you wish to pursue your plan, you may easily lay a new snare for him, from which the Duke will not be able to extricate himself. You have the best opportunity of sending him an order to repair to Mad**d, and to make to his Majesty an oral report of the state of Port***l."

The minister approved of this advice, and carried it into execution without delay. The Duke of B——a, who was well aware that the order from the Sp***sh court could not be declined any longer, sent his Chamberlain to Mad**d in order to hire a palace, to engage a number of servants, and to make every preparation for his pretended arrival, but nevertheless did not come. One time he pleaded ill health, at another time want of money, and at last, wished to know what rank he was to hold at Mad**d. However, I was so

fortunate as to guide the minister in such a manner that every obstacle was removed at last, and the Duke received 6000 ducats for defraying the expences of his journey.

“ Now,” said the Irishman to me, “ the Duke will find it impossible to shift any longer, and either must repair to Mad**d, which he will take care not to do, or give the signal for the revolution. Your business, my Lord, is finished, and nothing further will be required of you than the strictest secrecy. When your country will be free, we shall meet again, and then you may expect to see all my promises accomplished.”

I thanked him, and when he was going to leave me, asked him, “ how does our royal hermit do?”

“ He —— is well, and you shall hear from him as soon as the Duke of E——a shall have dispossessed the King of Sp——n of the throne of P——t——l.”

“ But my old friend——”

“ Will soon press you again to his bosom.”

“ And Amelia?”

“Considering the terms on which you already are with her, you will not be in want of the assistance of my power.” So saying, he took a friendly leave of me.

It was indeed high time that the Irishman released me from my engagement, for my stay at Mad—d began to grow extremely irksome to me. An irresistible power urged me to return to her who had enthralled me with magic bonds. My separation from her, and the letters I received from the dear woman, had heated my passion to the highest degree. Her letters, breathing nothing but tenderness and affection, were indeed entirely destitute of that fiery impetuosity of love which characterised mine; however, this was just adding fuel to the flame, which consumed me. I felt that I could not live without her. She did not indeed encourage my hope of getting possession of her hand, yet she did not repel it entirely, and several hints which Lady Delier had given me, served to support it. I was already computing with rapture the effect which my unexpected arrival would produce on Amelia, and made the necessary preparations

tions for my return to her without apprising her of it; however, my soul preceded these preparations, and only the lesser part of it was remaining at Mad—d; no wonder, therefore, that the letters of my father, and the Marquis of Ferei*a, which recalled me to Port—l, had no effect upon me.

‘ I cannot divine,” the Marquis wrote to me, ‘ what may have induced your father to return this year to the capital much earlier than usual. However, I can tell you that you will scarcely know him again when you shall see him. Ever since he pretends to have seen the ghost of Count Santeval, he is changed most wonderfully. He is in a state of utter apathy, gloomy and reserved, and I may truly say, superstitious. He avoids, since his late illness, as much as decency will permit, all conversation, even mine. There is but one person who has free access to him, and seems to have possessed himself entirely of his confidence. Let me give you a description of that man.

‘ Imagine to yourself an elderly man
‘ above the middle size, with a long, thin
‘ face, a yellow complexion, a strongly
‘ furrowed brow, hollow, small, and red
‘ eyes, and staring, almost deadened
‘ features, which, when he smiles, change
‘ into a kind of grinning. This physiog-
‘ nomy, of which no faithful verbal def-
‘ cription can be given, and which has
‘ been stamped in a most unfavourable
‘ manner by nature’s forming hand, is
‘ softened by an affected air of piety; how-
‘ ever, if examined minutely and narrow-
‘ ly, peeps with increased horrors through
‘ the borrowed veil. This countenance
‘ appears to me like a dreadful mystery,
‘ and I cannot behold it without secret
‘ terror. The tout ensemble of that man
‘ exactly fits this head—a sneaking gait—a
‘ stooping neck—a grey coat—but you
‘ must and will see him yourself. I hate
‘ him from the bottom of my soul, and
‘ think that he is not capable of a good
‘ action, and that his mere presence must
‘ be sufficient to dispel even from the
‘ hearts of others every noble sentiment.
‘ It would be a mystery to me, how your
‘ father

‘ father can converse with him, if I did
 ‘ not know that he has been blinded by
 ‘ his hypocrisy and devout discourses.
 ‘ That man (he calls himself *Alumbrado*)
 ‘ pretends to be regenerated, and talks a
 ‘ great deal of the gifts of supernatural
 ‘ light. Your father, who takes for ster-
 ‘ ling truth whatever comes from his lips,
 ‘ seems to be more charmed with him
 ‘ every day. O hasten, my friend, to de-
 ‘ liver your father from this ignoble, and,
 ‘ as I fear, dangerous enchantment. I
 ‘ think that an emotion like that which
 ‘ the sight of you, after so long a separation,
 ‘ must cause in the mind of your father will
 ‘ be necessary to rouse him from his
 ‘ apathy, &c. &c. &c.’

My situation rendered this letter, as I
 have already mentioned, ineffectual. The
 apprehensions of the Marquis appeared
 to me exaggerated; his unfavourable judg-
 ment of Alumbrado, originating from
 physiognomical reasons unjust, and un-
 charitable, and my father old and sensible
 enough to see and avoid the danger, if
 any should be existing. I deemed the re-

turn to the Countess much more pressing than the journey to P——l, took leave of Oliva*z and Suma*ez, assuring them that the affair concerning the Duke of B——a had been pushed to a point where it soon would come to a crisis without our assistance. They were of the same opinion, and dismissed me in a very obliging manner.

I had already made every preparation for setting out the next morning, when a letter from Amelia and Lady Delier defeated my design. The former informed me that a pressing letter from her uncle, who was on the brink of eternity, and desired to see her once more before his death, rendered it necessary for her to hasten to Cadiz. In the letter of the Baroness, which, amongst others, contained the direction of the Countess at Cadiz, the portrait of Amelia was enclosed.

Amelia's portrait! the image of those heavenly charms, the contemplation of which would afford delight even to angels, and the lifeless imitation of which filled my soul with rapture. O! with what an unspeakable delight did my entranced eyes

eyes imbibe them! how did the sight of them recall to my enraptured bosom all those sweet emotions which the presence of the original had formerly excited in my breast.

This softened the blow which repelled me so suddenly from the port of happiness which I fancied I had almost reached. Alas! this blow inflicted a deep wound on my heart, which at once found all the sweet presentiments of meeting again changed into the nameless throbs of a new separation. However, the sight of the picture representing to me the absent darling of my heart, and the secret meaning of that gift gave me some comfort, and inspired me with new hopes. Who else but my Amelia could have sent me that present? Her letter did, indeed, contain only a few distant hints, and the picture was enclosed in that of Lady Delier; yet this did not misguide me, for I was too well acquainted with Amelia's delicacy. I resolved now to return to my father, and to prepare him for my union with the Countess.

I acted wisely in surprising him by my sudden arrival, for otherwise he would, probably, not have received me with that kindness to which my unexpected appearance impelled him. No sooner were the first moments of mutual fondness past, when he said, with apparent coldness, "the world must have had very irresistible charms for you?"

"The charms of novelty, my dear father."

"It must have been very painful to you to return to your paternal house; for it seems you had almost forgot your way homeward."

"I had much to see, and have experienced a great deal!"

"I do not doubt it; you have had very little leisure for thinking of your father."

I endeavoured to refute this reproach which I had expected, and succeeded pretty well. The Marquis grew warmer and more affectionate; he enquired after my tutor and Count Clairval. It seemed to wound him deeply that I could give no satisfactory account of the former. With
regard

regard to the latter, I told him that important family affairs had called him from me unexpectedly.

My father appeared then not to be in a favourable disposition for listening to an account of my connection with the Countess, and how strongly soever the impulse of my heart pressed me to speak on that subject, yet prudence advised me to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The following morning appeared to me propitious for that purpose. My father was very cheerful, and I contrived being surprised by him with Amelia's picture in my hand.

"What have you there?" he asked me.

"The picture of the Dowager Countess of Clairval."

"How far is she related to your travelling companion?"

"She was married to his brother."

"So young, and already a widow?" said he, looking at the picture; "I should have mistaken it for the picture of a girl of seventeen years. However, the painters are used to flatter."

“ I assure you, the original possesses numberless charms which have escaped the artist.”

“ Then the Countess must be extremely handsome.”

“ She is an angel.”

“ The face is more interesting than handsome.”

“ Handsome and interesting to an high degree.”

“ You are in love with her.”

“ My father—”

“ I should be very sorry at it.”

“ For what reason ?” I asked, thunder-struck.

“ The young Princess of L****—what do you think of her ?”

“ I don't like her at all.”

“ This would grieve me extremely, for I have chosen her for your wife ?”

“ My heart has already chosen. Your consent, my father—”

“ The Countess of Clairval ? Never !”

“ You don't know her. Her family and fortune are very considerable.”

“ I hope you will not liken her, in that respect, to the Princess of L**** ?”

“ Not

“ Not at all ! but the amiable character of the Countess—”

“ The character of the Princess is without blame. My dear son, consider the splendor and the honour which our family would derive from that alliance. Consider that you will render me happy by that union. When you, by my desire, broke off your connection with a certain Barbis, you revived my hope of seeing you allied to the family of L**** ; do not thwart my plan by a new love, do not cross my fondest wishes. You are, indeed, your own master, and may chuse for yourself ; you must, however, not expect my consent and a father’s blessing, if you do not marry the Princess of L****. I am sensible that it will give you pain to renounce the Countess, and for that reason will not press your farther at present. I shall not desire you to come to a resolution before the end of seven weeks. Till then, do not mention a word about the matter.”

Seeing that I was going to reply, he took me by the hand. “ Be a man,” said he, “ who knows how to conquer juvenile

F 6

passions.

passions. Gain my regard as you have gained my affection. My life is joyless, do not make me hate it. My dear son, I have sacrificed much for you, sacrifice now in return a little for your father!" So saying, he left me.

O! why did he request me in *such* a manner to make him a sacrifice which would have rendered me miserable! I wished then the first time in my life that he had spoken to me in a menacing, domineering, or only in a harsh tone, then I should have had a pretext for resisting him and enforcing my own will. But how could I have had the courage of contradicting that tender sollicitation, that entreating persuasion of a father. And yet, was I not necessitated to do something worse, to counteract my parent? I never felt more strongly than at that moment, that it was utterly impossible for me to renounce the possession of Amelia. Alas! never was a situation more unfortunate than mine, and never has a human heart been reduced to such a dreadful conflict with itself by two people so dear as my father and Amelia were to me.

I looked

I looked around with weeping eyes in search of a person to whom I could unbosom my straitened heart. I went to the Marquis of Ferei*a.*

I had not informed him of my return ; he uttered a scream of joy when he saw me enter his apartment. However, his satisfaction at my return made room to sorrow, when I acquainted him with my deplorable situation. “ Yes, my friend !” said he, after he had viewed me some minutes with looks of pity, “ if it is in your power to subdue that passion, then let me implore you—”

“ Don’t finish that sentence !” I interrupted him, “ it is impossible !”

“ If that is the case, then only two ways are left to you to attain the consent of your father ; one of which is tedious and rugged, but straight.”

“ Name it !”

“ You must endeavour to work upon the nerves of the paternal heart in such a manner,

* Here have I expunged a picture which the painter has drawn of me, with too much partiality.

manner, that his affection for you gets the better of his ambition."

"And the second—"

"Is a bye-road which will lead you soon and safely to the mark---serpents are, however, lurking on that road, and tigers lying in ambush—"

"Don't name it!"

"I will name it, in order to caution you against it—it is called—Alumbrado. O my friend!" squeezing my hand affectionately, "go take the straightest road."

"That I will, you have given me a very bad character of that Alumbrado."

"And would not retract a syllable of what I have wrote."

"Where is he, I have not yet seen him."

"He is abroad."

"I am curious to get acquainted with him."

"Don't come near him, lest he catch you in the same snare in which he has caught your father."

"Fear nothing, I shall endeavour to deliver my father from that shameful captivity."

"O! if

“ O ! if you could do it ! But be on your guard, lest he whom you are going to draw out of the pit, drag you after him into the abyfs.”

I promised it, and he clasped me in his arms.

Previous to my departure from P——I, I had promised the Marquis to keep a journal, and to insert the most remarkable incidents, which I was to communicate to him after my return. He enquired now after that journal.

“ It abounds with remarkable incidents,” I replied, “ and you will learn strange things on perusing it : I have not mentioned a syllable of them in my letters to you, in order to surprize you. However, you must curb your curiosity till I shall have arranged my papers.”

The Marquis consented to my request.

“ My noble friend ! you will forgive me that artifice. It was a mere pretext, in order to stay your curiosity till the revolution should have taken place ; for I had promised the Irishman to observe the strictest silence till then. It was no
mistrust

mistrust that influenced me, but duty imposed upon me by the promise I had made; and the event proved that I acted wisely in doing so."

Four days after my first meeting with my friend, the Irishman stopped me one evening in going home. His eyes flashed like lightning, his features were distorted, his countenance was truly dreadful. "Have you," said he, grinding his teeth, betrayed the conspiracy to Vasconcellos?" "No." I replied. "Have you warned him of the impending danger in some other manner?" "No." "Have you disclosed the secret to one of your friends?" "To no man living." "Can you pledge your honour for the truth of your declaration?" "I can."

These questions succeeded each other rapidly, and he left me with equal haste. I was almost petrified at this incident. My astonishment, however, soon gave place to a different sensation, for I concluded from the words, and the perturbation of the Irishman, nothing less than that the plot had been discovered. The intelligence which I gained afterwards

seemed to confirm this conjecture. Vasconcel*os had left his castle suddenly and crossed the river Ta*o, a circumstance that justly had raised the suspicion of his having discovered the plot through one of his numberless spies, and instantly made preparations for seizing the conspirators. However, this apprehension was refuted that very night. Vasconcel*os had only been at a feast, and returned late at night in high spirits, and preceded by a band of musicians, not suspecting that he would be a dead man at that hour the following night. I myself did not imagine that the revolution would break out so soon, although I knew that event to be drawing near. The day following, (December 1, 1640) at eight o'clock in the morning, the conspirators repaired in small divisions from all parts of the town to the Ducal Palace, partly on horseback, and partly on foot, but most of them in coaches or chairs, in order to conceal their arms. The number of noblemen, most of whom were the chiefs of their families, amounted to fifty, and that of the citizens to two hundred. As soon as it had struck eight
by

by the clock of the cathedral, Pinto Rib**ro, one of the Duke's privy counsellors, gave the last signal for the attack by firing a pistol, and the conspirators marched to the different places of their destination.

Pinto Rib**ro repaired with his troop to the palace of Valcon*ellos, who was so little prepared for the unexpected attack, that he scarcely could get time to conceal himself in a chest. However he was discovered, saluted with a pistol shot, stabbed with a number of poniards, and thrown out of the window amid the loud exclamation : " The tyrant is dead ! long live liberty and King John, the new Sovereign of Port***l ! "

The populace who were assembled, under the windows of the palace, repeated these words with loud acclamations of joy. In order to protect the corpse against the fury of the mob, the society of charity pressed their way through the crowd and carried it away on a bier, which is only used at the burials of slaves.

Meanwhile another troop had penetrated into the palace of the Vice-Queen.

The

The Archbishop of Bra*a, who was with her, and as a near relation of Vasconcel**s, had also been doomed to destruction, was saved with great difficulty from the fury of the conspirators by the intercession of Miguel d'Al*eida. The Vice-Queen turned to the conspirators when they rushed into her apartment, declaring that Vasconce*los had deserved their hatred, but that they would be treated as rebels if they should proceed a step farther. She however was told, that so many nobles had not assembled merely on account of a wretch who ought to have been executed by the public hangman, but in order to restore the crown to the Duke of Bra---za, who was the lawful owner of it. The Vice-Queen began to talk of the power which she had been entrusted with by the King of Spa*n. The reply was, that no one could be acknowledged as King but John, Duke of B---a. She now offered to run out of the apartment in order to implore the assistance of the people; however some of the noblemen stopped her, telling her it would be dangerous to suffer her to appear before a
people

people who had been oppressed many years, and were highly exasperated.—“And what could the people do to me?” she said with scornful looks. “Nothing else but throw your Highness out of the window;” one of the noblemen replied. The Archbishop of Bra*a was so much exasperated at this speech, that he seized a sword in order to avenge the Vice-Queen. Almei*a however embraced and entreated him to retire, because he had had great difficulty to persuade the conspirators to spare his life. This discovery disarmed at once the zeal of the Prelate.

Meanwhile the chiefs of the Spani--ds had been seized, and the conspirators requested the Vice-Queen to send an order to the Commander of St. Ge* to surrender; for that castle, which commanded the whole town, was still in the possession of the Spani--ds. The Vice-Queen refused to comply with their request; yet when she was told that her refusal would be the signal for killing all the imprisoned Spani--ds, she drew up the desired order, expecting that no attention would be paid to

to it. However the commander of the castle, who did not dare to defend himself; executed her order literally, and thus the town was freed of all fear. It is almost incredible how quickly and easily the four troops of the confederates took the posts allotted to them, and gained their aim. But much more astonishing is the readiness and the quickness with which not only the whole kingdom, but also all foreign settlements followed the example of the capital. The revolution no sooner had begun than it was accomplished. It is the only one in its kind, and a similar one never will happen.—The execution of it proves with how much wisdom it has been designed and conducted.

It was, however, like a sudden clap of thunder to my father, and affected him with redoubled force, because it happened so unexpectedly. The slow rising of the tempest, the silent brewing on the political horizon had been concealed from him by his retirement from the world, and even the visible forerunners of it, which at last forced themselves upon his

his

his eyes, appeared to him to be nothing but the lightning arising from transient vapours. The sudden eruption of the tempest, and its consequences, almost petrified him. His silent stupor soon gave room to the loudest manifestations of his dissatisfaction; and nothing but repeated persuasions to yield to stern necessity and superiority, could prevail upon him to remain quiet.

His resentment against the new King remained however rankling in his heart; he did homage to the Sovereign with visible satisfaction, and, as I suspect, not without secret reservation, while I swore to him the oath of allegiance, in hopes that I should soon renew it to the lawful King, who was still concealed. My country now was delivered from the Spanish yoke, but my heart remained in the thralldom of love. The fetters which it was chained with were, indeed, nothing but garlands, but nevertheless stronger than bonds of adamant; how was it therefore to be expected, that I should have been inclined and capable to obey my father, who wanted me to break them?

This

This bondage was so sweet to me, and my sharing it with an adored woman, rendered it dearer to me than the most unbounded liberty ; it was my sole and most ardent wish to tie the bonds by which we were united still faster. But alas ! my father desired me not to mention a syllable of a union with Amelia, and without his sanction I durst not expect her consent ! The Marquis of Ferei*a exhausted in vain all his eloquence in order to melt the flinty heart of my inexorable parent. In that wretched situation I sent several times for Alumbrado's assistance, yet I always shrunk back at the idea of owing any obligation to that man. His first visit confirmed the remarks of the Marquis, and all the civilities he lavished upon me, served only to strengthen my antipathy against him. My soul was as gloomy as my exterior situation. The view of my heaven was overdarkened by clouds which grew darker and darker. Only one star was glimmering through the blackness of that dismal night : one single star to which I could direct my weeping eyes. I was confident that the

Irishman could be no stranger to my comfortless situation, and would aid me by his power, imagining that he now had the best opportunity of rewarding my reliance in him, and would undoubtedly conduct me over insurmountable obstacles to the promised land of happiness. Meanwhile the time when my father expected my declaration for the Princess of L*** was approaching with gigantic strides, and the Irishman did not appear. Anxiety struggled with my hope. I enquired every where for my protector, but I enquired in vain, and my anxiety increased to black despair.

* * * * *

* * * *

CONTINUATION

By the MARQUIS of FEREA.

Here a great deal is wanting in the memoirs of the Duke of Cami*a, which I cannot leave unsupplied, otherwise an important part of his history will be lost,
and

and the rest remain obscure. To fill up this empty space, will be the last duty of friendship I shall be able to perform for that unhappy man. I shall, therefore, continue his mournful tale, till I can connect again the thread of my narration to the remaining papers of the Duke.

The grief assailing the heart of my unhappy friend soon depicted itself so strongly in his countenance, that I began to tremble for his health. Alas! my apprehension was but too soon realized, his sufferings being increased, by an information he received from the brother of the new King, to a degree which entirely overcame his enfeebled spirits.

‘ My dearest friend,’ the Prince wrote to him, ‘ I have not discontinued, since your departure, the inquiries after your tutor, which I began when you was here. However, I should undoubtedly have continued them with the greatest prudence and activity, without coming any nearer to the mark, if the very man whom I had been endeavouring to find out had not spared me that fruitless task.’

‘ Yes, my friend, your tutor has personally surprised me in a most pleasing manner. But, O! my friend, moderate your joy when reading these lines. The meeting with that dear man was like an airy vision, which appears and vanishes again after a few moments. Your tutor came, and went to those realms from whence no mortal can return.

‘ Five days are now elapsed, since he astonished me, one morning, by his unexpected visit. I soon observed with surprise, that he returned the manifestations of my joy with much restraint, while his inquisitive looks were doubtfully directed at me. His relation soon unfolded this mystery.

‘ Will you believe it, my friend, that in that very night, when we expected him in vain with so much impatience and anxiety, he had been taken up secretly, carried off, and imprisoned? He was on his way to my house, when he met a carriage which he mistook for mine. In this opinion he was confirmed, when the coachman stopped the horses, and a servant in my livery opened the coach door

‘ door for him. Two unknown gentle-
 ‘ men, who were sitting in the carriage,
 ‘ begged him to get in, pretending to have
 ‘ been sent by me to fetch him. He join-
 ‘ ed them without hesitation, and when
 ‘ the coachman drove out of the town
 ‘ gate, instead of taking the road to my
 ‘ house, he was told that one more guest
 ‘ was to be fetched. This pretended guest
 ‘ made his appearance in the suburbs,
 ‘ and as soon as he had got in the carriage,
 ‘ pointed a dagger at the heart of your tu-
 ‘ tor, while his two associates seized and
 ‘ tied his hands. All this was effected be-
 ‘ fore Count Galvez could gain time for
 ‘ resistance, which would have been equal-
 ‘ ly dangerous and fruitless. He was told
 ‘ that if he would submit silently to his
 ‘ fate, no injury should be offered him,
 ‘ but that he would be stabbed without
 ‘ mercy if he should cry for assistance;
 ‘ at the same time he was blindfolded,
 ‘ and after about half an hour’s ride, the
 ‘ carriage stopped, when your tutor was
 ‘ taken out of it, and conducted over
 ‘ several flights of steps, through long
 ‘ passages,

‘ passages, in a room where he was shut
‘ up, and left alone.

‘ When Count Galvez removed the
‘ bandage from his eyes, he found himself
‘ in a spacious apartment, lighted with
‘ lamps ; two smaller rooms were on each
‘ side, but none of them had windows.
‘ Some time after his arrival, two masked
‘ men brought him victuals and drink,
‘ which afterwards was repeated every
‘ noon and evening. He was in want of
‘ nothing, liberty excepted. He could
‘ not leave his apartments, which were
‘ bolted on the outside, and having not
‘ been able to persuade his masked attend-
‘ ants to answer to his questions, he could
‘ not learn where he was imprisoned. The
‘ frequent chiming of bells, the singing
‘ of hymns, which seemed to be very near
‘ him, and several other circumstances,
‘ made him, however, suppose that he was
‘ confined in a cloister.

‘ It is remarkable, that during his con-
‘ finement, he was obliged to sit to a
‘ sculptor, who executed his statue so mas-
‘ terly, that it resembled him in the most
‘ striking manner. The artist too was

‘ masked, and nothing could persuade
 ‘ him to tell for what purpose the statue
 ‘ was designed.

‘ At length the wished-for hour of en-
 ‘ largement arrived. The prisoner was
 ‘ called up between one and two o’clock
 ‘ in the morning, and ordered to prepare
 ‘ for his departure. He was blindfolded
 ‘ and conducted to the street, where he
 ‘ was placed in a coach, and threatened
 ‘ with instant death if he should dare to
 ‘ utter a syllable. After half an hour’s
 ‘ ride, he was taken out of the coach,
 ‘ upon which, his conductors drove away
 ‘ at a furious rate. As soon as he per-
 ‘ ceived that he was alone, he removed
 ‘ the bandage from his eyes, and found
 ‘ himself in a lonely part of the suburbs,
 ‘ and with the first dawn of day called at
 ‘ my house.

‘ As soon as Count Galvez had finished
 ‘ his extraordinary tale, I summoned my
 ‘ servants, in order to clear myself from a
 ‘ suspicion which afflicted me severely,
 ‘ and examined them rigorously in his
 ‘ presence. It was, however, proved that
 ‘ my horses and carriages, as well as all

‘ my servants, had been at home at the
‘ hour when the Count was carried off,
‘ which rendered it very probable that
‘ the *Unknown* must have imitated my
‘ equipage and livery, in order to ensnare
‘ the Count with greater ease.

‘ Your tutor enquired much, and with
‘ great affection after you ; I told him as
‘ much as I knew, but he was not satisfied
‘ with it. The following morning he de-
‘ parted for Lisb*n, in hopes of meeting
‘ you there, after a long and painful sepa-
‘ ration. I rode on horseback by his car-
‘ riage in order to accompany him a few
‘ miles; the impatient desire of seeing
‘ you soon made your tutor urge the
‘ postillion to press his horses onward;
‘ the fellow was offended at the incessant
‘ solicitations of the Count, and drove
‘ slower, which vexed our friend to such
‘ a degree, that he exhorted the postillion
‘ rather warmly to proceed faster, adding
‘ some menaces. The postillion being
‘ provoked by your tutor’s threats, whip-
‘ ped his horses furiously, without taking
‘ proper notice of the neighbourhood of
‘ the precipice, which you will recollect ;
‘ the

‘ the animals grew wild, and the carriage was precipitated into the abyfs.
 ‘ The Count ſcarcely breathed, when he
 ‘ received aſſiſtance, and the poſtillion
 ‘ was daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks.

‘ I ordered inſtantly all poſſible care to
 ‘ be taken of our friend; however, a violent
 ‘ vomiting of blood, the conſequence
 ‘ of a contuſion on his breaſt, put an end
 ‘ to his life the ſubſequent day. A few
 ‘ minutes before his death, he wrote the
 ‘ following note, but was ſoon interrupted
 ‘ by a fainting fit.

“ Ere while we were ſeparated by men,
 “ but now we are going to be diſunitcd by
 “ God. I do not murmur; yet I ſhould
 “ have been happy to ſee you once more.
 “ On the brink of eternity I am expanding
 “ my hands, bleſſing thee, excellent
 “ young man! Weep not at my death;
 “ we ſhall meet again in yon bliſſful man-
 “ ſions, where all good men ſhall be re-
 “ united for ever. Honour my memory
 “ by keeping firm to my principles, which
 “ from my ſoul, flowed over in your
 “ mind.”

‘ Two mortal wounds like those which
‘ the ill-fated love affair, and the death of
‘ Count Galvez, inflicted on the heart of
‘ my friend, confined him to a sick bed.
‘ Now happened what I had dreaded, with-
‘ out my having been able to prevent it.
‘ Alumbrado, who was returned from his
‘ journey, intruded on my friend, and
‘ soon traced out the safest road to his
‘ heart. My friend was weak enough to
‘ communicate to him the situation in
‘ which he was with regard to Amelia;
‘ and Alumbrado hesitated not a moment
‘ to procure him the consent of his father.
‘ The power exercised by that man over
‘ the Marquis was so great, that the latter
‘ suffered himself to be persuaded to write
‘ to the Countess, and to invite her, in
‘ the most honourable and flattering man-
‘ ner, to render his son happy by giving
‘ him her hand.

‘ The Duke wrote only the following
‘ few lines:

“ My dearest love! I address myself to
“ you on the brink of the grave; your
“ hand can save or hurl me down; my
“ doom rests with you. O! come, angelic
“ woman,

“ woman, and lead me from the gate of
 “ death to a paradisiacal life ; come and
 “ reward my love, which alone supports
 “ my breaking heart.”

P. S. “ Vasconcel*os has bled under
 “ the avenging sword of the redeemers of
 “ my country.”

‘ The answer of the Countess was to
 ‘ the following purport :

“ O! that this letter could fly on the
 “ pinions of love, in order to carry in-
 “ stantly to my friend health and joy.
 “ Yes, your request is granted. Receive,
 “ my dearest Duke, to whom my *heart*
 “ has yielded, receive my *hand* too, and
 “ the vow of eternal fidelity. My uncle
 “ having recovered his health, nothing
 “ shall detain me from embarking in the
 “ first vessel which shall sail for Port***l.
 “ The idea that your best wishes, the blef-
 “ sing of your father and my uncle, and
 “ the guardian genius of love, will con-
 “ duct me on my voyage, will assist me
 “ to conquer my fear of the sea. I should
 “ never have done writing if this letter
 “ did not require expedition, and my
 “ friend, who arrived here the day before

“ yesterday, insisted upon adding a few
 “ words to those of

“ Your

“ AMELIA CLAIRVAL.”

“ Give me leave, my Lord, to add
 “ only my sincerest congratulations, and
 “ to ask your Grace, whether you do not
 “ acknowledge now as a foorthsayer

“ Your humble and obedient servant,

ANNA DE DELIER.”

The Duke had began to mend rapidly ever since the Marquis consented to his union with Amelia; the letter of the Countess restored his health intirely. No mortal could be more happy and cheerful than the Duke of Cami*a. It was natural that Alumbrado, who, as the author of his happiness, had no small claim to his gratitude, should acquire in his eyes a value, which intirely dispelled the antipathy he at first had conceived against him. I soon was made sensible of that change, when

when I took one time the opportunity of dropping a few words concerning Alumbrado. "I cannot conceive," the Duke replied warmly, "why you are so much prejudiced against that man; it is true his physiognomy does not speak much to his recommendation; it is, however, very unphilosophical to condemn a person merely on account of his features." "Say whatever you will," I replied, "an undescribable repelling sensation, which certainly does not deceive me——" "You have conceived an antipathy against him," the Duke interrupted me, "and that cannot be refuted by arguments; however, I will remind you of a fact, which here will be in its proper place. Socrates, whose physiognomy, as you will recollect, was very much to his disadvantage, happened once to be in a company of friends, when a philosopher, who pretended to be a physiognomist, took the word; he was requested to delineate the character of Socrates, who was a stranger to him. The philosopher named several vices which he pretended to read plainly in his face. A general laughter was the

effect of his judgment; however, Socrates remained serious, and declared that he really had felt a natural propensity to those vices, but had got the better of it by unremitted assiduity. The application of this instance, I leave to your own good sense."

"How?" I exclaimed with surprise, "you compare Alumbrado with Socrates, an absurd ascetic with a reverend sage, hypocrisy with virtue?" This enormous infatuation vexed me to such a degree, that I could not help giving vent to my just resentment. However, I perceived soon that my words did not make the least impression on my misguided friend. Being therefore obliged to desist from my endeavours to change the opinion of the Duke, I strove with additional assiduity to cut off his connection with Alumbrado, at least till he should be united to Amelia, expecting that this angel would soon drive away that demon of darkness. I proposed to the Duke a journey to **ina, for the benefit of his health, and offered to accompany him. He consented to it without difficulty, expecting to beguile by
exercise

exercise and diversions, the time which, from his impatience of seeing Amelia arrive, appeared to him to creep on with snail-like slowness. My aim would however have been attained without this expedient, Alumbrado leaving Li*bon unexpectedly; yet we set out on our proposed journey.

We had not been seven days at **ina when the Duke was already impatient to leave that place. However improbable it was Amelia could arrive so soon, yet this idea left him no rest. We returned on the eighth day, and travelled day and night.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when we alighted at his palace. Scarcely had we entered his apartment when his Secretary brought a letter, which he said had been left by a pilot at a late hour last night. The Duke reddened and grew pale alternately, while he opened it.—“She is arrived, she is arrived!” he exclaimed, and the letter dropped out of his hand trembling with rapture. “She is arrived!” he repeated, taking it up and re-perusing the gladful lines, The emotions
of

of his mind were so violent, that he was obliged to sit down. "Amelia is arrived!" he exclaimed again, rising and straining me to his bosom. The letter was couched in the following words :

' Has not your heart told you, my
' dearest Duke, that I am near you? I
' should already have pressed you to my
' panting heart, if the Captain had suf-
' fered me to go in the boat which will
' set the pilot on shore. But he has op-
' posed by design, on account of the swell-
' ing sea and the great distance. If
' Heaven favours us you will see me to-
' morrow.

' Your

' AMELIA.'

"Well, my friend," said the Duke, when I returned the paper to him, "has my presentiment deceived me? have not I done well to urge our return?—But why do we tarry here? (he added) let us fly to the harbour!"

The horses were instantly saddled, and we mounted them in our travelling
dresses.

dress. We rode in full speed, and each of us indulged silently his sentiments.— The sky was gloomy, and the universal stillness, not interrupted by the least breeze of air, seemed to presage no good. At length we fancied, with astonishment, we heard the distant rolling of thunder; however we soon perceived that it was the echo caused by the report of guns. The distant firing of cannon, and the forerunners of a rising tempest, thrilled my heart with chilling anxiety, for I apprehended the ship must be in great danger. Soon after the firing ceased, but this calm was more dreadful to me than the report of the cannon. We spurred our horses without uttering a word, for neither of us dared to confess his apprehensions. Being at length arrived at the sea shore—Heavens! what a scene of horror did we behold! the surge was dreadful, the cliffs and the strand were covered with a white spume. The rays of the sun could not penetrate the fog which overspread the surface of the sea. We could, therefore, not discover the island where the ship was lying at anchor, it appear-
ing

ing to us in the shape of a black cloud, which seemed to be a mile distant from the shore. The veil which concealed the danger of the ship from our eyes only served to augment our anxiety.

A troop of mariners and soldiers under the command of Men*os, were arrived with us at the shore. The drums beat, and a general volley was fired. A flash of lightning darted instantly over the sea, and immediately after it the report of a gun was heard. We all hastened to the side where we had perceived the signal, and observed, through the fog, the body and the main-yard of a large ship. We were so near that we could hear the whistling and the acclamations of the sailors, in spite of the roaring of the mountainous billows. The ship's crew fired a gun every three minutes. as soon as they perceived that assistance was near.

I admired my friend's firmness of mind with which he, at a sight that ought to have rendered him almost distracted, shewed the greatest zeal to save the crew, ordering a large fire to be lighted on the
cliffs,

cliffs, and boards, cables, empty casks and provisions to be kept in readiness.

An impending hurricane seemed to be lurking in the air. The middle of the clouds was of a horrid blackness, and their edges were of a copper colour. The leaves of the trees were moving, and yet not a breath of air was felt. The cries of the sea fowls, who were resorting to the island for protection, resounded through the air.

At length we heard suddenly a dreadful roaring, as if foaming torrents were rushing down from the summit of a lofty mountain, and every one exclaimed, this is the hurricane! In the same moment a violent whirlwind removed the foggy veil which had concealed the island from our eyes. We had now a clear view of the ship; her whole deck was covered with people, her colours were hoisted, her fore-part was secured by four anchors, and her stern by one. Her stem opposed the billowing waves which came roaring from the sea, and was raised so high above the surface of the water, that one could see her whole keel, while the stern was almost

almost entirely buried in the foaming billows. The dangerous situation of the vessel rendered it impossible for her to put out to sea, or to run on shore.

The howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, which were swelling higher every moment, was dreadful. The whole channel between the island and the shore was a mass of white thick froth, cut through by black and hollow waves. The appearance of the horizon prognosticated a long lasting storm. Some waves of a dreadful shape separated from the main every now and then, and darted with the velocity of lightning across the channel, while others remained immovable like enormous rocks. Not one blue spot could be descried in the firmament; a pale faint glimmer enlightened heaven, earth and sea.

The death-like paleness of the Duke's countenance, his perturbed mien, his steps now slow and now moving with vehemence, and the contortions of his lips, bespoke the tempest raging in his soul exceeding the violence of the hurricane that was lashing the ocean. The hapless
man

man now looked up to heaven, and now cast his anxious looks around, as if in search of some person, and I heard him pronounce repeatedly the name of Hiermanfor. This sight wounded my heart deeply, and pressed burning tears from my eyes.

Meanwhile a dreadful accident happened on the sea. The anchors which the fore-part of the ship was moored with were torn from the cables by the violent agitation of the vessel, which, riding now only with the small bower, was dashed against the adjacent rocks. A general piercing cry filled the air when this lamentable incident happened. The Duke was going to plunge into the sea, and I retained him with great difficulty by his right arm. Seeing, however, that his despair rendered him callous against our ardent prayers not to rush into the very jaws of death, Pietro and myself tied a long rope round his body, taking hold of one end. He now plunged into the boiling waves, which instantly devoured, and soon after cast him up again. Thus he advanced daringly towards the ship. He
seemed

seemed several times to have a chance of forcing his way to the vessel, the irregular motions of the sea leaving him on the dry rocks; however the towering billows soon returned with additional fury, and buried him beneath an enormous mass of water, which flung the Duke half dead upon the shore. But no sooner had he recovered his senses, than he darted up, hastening with new courage towards the vessel, which, however, began to separate, torn by the violence of the furious waves. The ship's crew, who now despaired of saving their lives, plunged in crowds into the sea, grasping in the agony of despondency the floating chests, casks, and whatsoever they could lay hold on.

I shall never forget that horrid scene of woe! Two ladies now made their appearance on the stern of the vessel: one of them was the Countess, and the other Lady Delier. Amelia expanded her arms towards her lover, who exerted all his strength to join the darling of his soul.—She seemed to have known the Duke by his undaunted courage. The Baroness
wrung

wrung her hands, looking anxiously at the spectators, and pointing at Amelia, as if she wanted to say : leave me to my fate, but save my friend ! Amelia was standing on the deck without betraying the smallest sign of fear, and seemed to be resigned to her impending deplorable doom, beckoning to us, as if she wanted to bid us an eternal adieu. All the spectators wept, and rent the air with doleful cries and lamentations. The Duke summoned the last remains of his strength, struggling with the frothing waves, in order to save his mistress from the brink of fell destruction ; but a mountainous billow of an enormous bulk forced its way through the space betwixt the island and the coast, darting at the ship. In the same moment Amelia rushed into Lady Delier's arms, encircling her friend in wild agony, and in that situation they were buried in the abyss along with the vessel.

The stupefaction of horror which we were seized with, rendered us almost incapable of dragging the Duke on shore. The spirit of the hapless man seemed to
have

have fled to better regions, along with that of his ill-fated bride. He was stretched out on the ground, violently bleeding, and seemingly a lifeless corpse.

I dropped down by his side, seized with terror and grief, imprinting kisses on his ash-pale face, contorted by pains. I called his, mine, and at last Amelia's name in his ear; but seeing him without the least motion at the sound of the latter, I really feared that he was dead. Pietro beat his breast, tore his hair, and rent the air with doleful lamentations. The bye-standers crowded upon us, and perceiving, after many fruitless trials, some faint vestiges of life in the Duke, we carried him to the next house and put him to bed. The contusions and wounds he had received, by having been dashed against the rocks, were examined by a surgeon, who declared they were not mortal. I uttered a loud shout, throwing myself on my knees, and offering fervent thanks to God. The Duke opened his eyes and closed them again. The surgeon desired us to retire, and not to disturb his rest.

While Pietro went on horseback to the house of the Marquis, in order to inform him of the accident that had happened to his son, I repaired to the strand, in hopes that the bodies of Amelia and Lady Delier would be driven on shore. However the wind having shifted suddenly, as is usual in hurricanes, I was obliged to give up the hope of procuring an honourable burial to those unhappy ladies.

The Duke was in a senseless stupor, when I returned. Alas! his spirit seemed to tarry reluctantly in a world which separated him from his adored Amelia. But why should I tear open again my half-healed wounds? I shall not enter into a description of his situation. I still fancy I hear the shrieks of horror, and the wild shouts which he uttered during a burning fever, when he fancied he saw his Amelia either in dangerous or in happy situations. His imagination and his lips were constantly occupied with her. When, at length, his fever abated, and his recollection returned, he really fancied the history of Amelia's hapless fate to be the delusion of a feverish dream. Although

I was

I was very cautious to dislodge this delusive opinion only gradually, yet the discovery of his error affected him so violently, that I apprehended it would deprive him, if not of his life, at least of his understanding.

Here I cannot omit mentioning a scene which happened at the beginning of his amendment. The Marquis had ordered him to be carried to his house as soon as he began to mend, and nursed him with paternal care. He came, one day, when the Duke was sleeping, and I sitting by his bed-side, to enquire how his son did : as he bent over the sleeper, and seemed to look anxiously whether any signs of returning health appeared in his face, he observed on the bosom of his son a blue ribbon. He pulled it carefully out, and the picture of the Queen of Fr**ce was suspended to it. The countenance of the Marquis resembled at first that of a person who is dubious whether he is awake or dreaming ; but soon after I saw his face grow deadly pale, and his whole frame quiver violently. No sooner had he recovered the power of utterance, than he
begged

begged me to retire. Two hours after he left the apartment of my friend in violent agitation, without observing me. On my entrance into the sick room I found the Duke bathed in tears. The ribbon was still fastened round his neck, but the picture of the Queen was taken from it.

I signified to him my astonishment. He squeezed my hand tenderly, and said:—"You are my only friend, for whom I wish to have no secrets; and yet I am so unhappy as to have this wish too denied me. Don't press me to tell you what has been transacted between me and my father; I have been obliged to promise with a dreadful oath to take the secret along with me in my grave—In my grave!" he added a little while after, "I am impatient to occupy that habitation ever since Amelia and Antonio have made it their abode."

"Miguel!" I exclaimed, straining him to my heart, "dispel these gloomy thoughts. You shall learn that one has not lost every thing when in possession of a friend like me."

“ I know you, and I thank you,” he replied, with emotion “ let us die together; this world is not deserving to contain us. What business have we in a world (he added with a ghastly look) in which vice only triumphs, and good men find nothing but a grave ?”

Reader, do not fancy this language to have originated merely from a transient agitation of mind ; alas ! it originated from a heart exasperated by the concurrence of the most melancholy misfortunes, and this exasperation was rooted deeper than I had fancied at first. It generated in his soul poisonous shoots which injured his religion. He declared it to be impossible a good God could designedly make good men so unhappy as he had been rendered. He ascribed the origin of his misfortunes to a bad principle, which, having a share in the government of the world, had appropriated his understanding merely to the execution of its bad purposes. He maintained that it was contrary to the nature of an infinitely good being to effect even the best purposes by bad means ; and if there were in this world

world as much disorder, imperfection, and misfortune, as harmony, perfection and happiness, this would be an undeniable proof that the world was governed, and had been created jointly by a good and a bad principle. In short, he subscribed entirely to the system of the *Manichees*.

I perceived this new deviation of his mind with astonishment and grief, and thought it my duty to lead him back in the path of truth as soon as possible, because this error deprived him of the last consolation in his sufferings. For which reason I endeavoured to convince him, that the ideas of a bad and a good principle annul each other; that it is a downright contradiction to believe in the existence of a bad God; that, consequently, the fundamental ideas of his system were absurd, and, of course, the system itself unsupported. I proved to him that the evil in this world is not inconsistent with the goodness and providence of God, and that even the happiness of the wicked, and the sufferings of the good, ought not to undermine our belief, but rather to

strengthen our hope of a life hereafter, in which every one will receive the just reward of his actions. But how convincing soever my arguments would have been to any unprejudiced person, yet they made very little impression on the Duke, whom the disharmony and gloominess of his mind had too much prepossessed for his comfortless system. Far from finding the least contradiction in it, he was firmly persuaded that the belief in a bad principle served to defend God against the complaints and reproaches of the unfortunate, while he found a great consolation in venting his resentment against the bad principle, whom he believed to be the author of his sufferings. He was therefore firmly resolved to refute the arguments which I had opposed to his system; and as soon as he was able to leave his bed, began to arrange his ideas on that head, and to secure them by a proper train of arguments against my objections. He had almost finished his work when Alumbrado returned from his journey.

It is almost incredible, with how much appearance of truth and cordiality he manifested his grief at the hapless fate of the Duke. He affected such a tender fellow-feeling, and so much friendship for Miguel, that the latter was charmed with him, and fancied the favourable opinion he had conceived of Alumbrado to be fully justified. The hypocrite not only pitied him, but at the same time, endeavoured to afford him comfort. Mentioning, however, among other arguments, how wonderful the ways of Providence are, and how God promoted our happiness even through the evils of this world, the Duke shook his head. Alumbrado was surprised at it, and enquired what objection he had against that doctrine? The Duke, who thought him deserving of his confidence, was so imprudent as to unfold to him his new creed; nay, he carried his inconsideration so far as to read to him part of his tract which he had wrote on that subject. Although I was very much terrified at it, yet I was impatient to know Alumbrado's opinion and behaviour on this occasion. My astonishment rose to

the highest degree, when he refuted the arguments of the Duke with a frankness which generally is supposed to arise only from love of truth, and defended the goodness and providence of God, with an evidence and warmth which can originate only from the light of religion. The dignity and energy with which he spoke had an irresistible effect on the Duke ; he cast his eyes upon the ground in dumb amazement, and appeared to be confounded and ashamed.

I cannot but confess that I myself began to believe I had been egregiously mistaken in my opinion of Alumbrado's character. I begged his pardon in my heart, and though I could not love him, yet I thought it my duty not to refuse him my regard any longer.

However, soon after two accidents happened which gave me reason to apprehend that I had changed my opinion too prematurely. I got intelligence that Alumbrado visited the house of a man whose character was very much suspected. Baeza was his name. The important office which he kept at the custom house, and the extensive

extensive trade he carried on all over Europe, had rendered his house respected, wealthy, powerful, and honoured. He was a Jew by birth, but changed his religion from political motives. His conduct, at least, did not refute the opinion that he confessed only with his lips the Roman Catholic religion, and it had given rise to much scandal when Oliva*ez conferred on him the order of Christ. The connection between him and this minister was very intimate and not at all shaken by the revolution; but continued, only with more assiduity and circumspection, which was no difficult task to a consummate hypocrite like Baeza. It will be obvious that Alumbrado's connection with this man displeased me for more than one reason. Another circumstance contributed to strengthen my suspicion of Alumbrado's honesty. The Duke missed a sheet of his tract on the system of the *Manichees*. Alumbrado had visited him frequently, had been alone in his study many a time where the manuscript was lying on the writing desk. The Duke, far from suspecting him, fancied he

had mislaid the paper, and having renounced that system on Alumbrado's persuasion, did not care much for that tract.

Although my repeated exhortations and my avowed antipathy had not been able to prevail on my friend to drop all connections with that dangerous man, yet they had retained him from being too intimate with him ; however, since he knew that I had conceived a more favourable opinion of Alumbrado, he attached himself more closely to him. The old Marquis observed this change with great satisfaction, but, at the same time, saw with greater grief the recovery of his son's health make but very slow progress. The cause of it was a secret, but rooted melancholy, into which the overflowing exasperation of his heart and furious agony of mind had changed ever since he had adopted the principles of the Manichean system. This melancholy corroded his vitals like the slow poison of a cancer, and stopped not only the circulation of the vital powers, but also the energy of the soul of my unhappy friend in its wonted activity. The situation of his mind was therefore
merely

merely passive, which rendered him the more susceptible for those external impressions which fitted the situation of his mind, the less power of resistance and self-activity he possessed. Thus he was an instrument which Alumbrado could play on at pleasure. The latter seemed, however, not yet determined what measures he should take for attaining his aim ; but, unfortunately, the Duke himself put him afterwards on the right track. He found particular pleasure in conversing with his new confidant on the happiness which loving souls would derive from their reunion in a better world, and he neglected me now for no other reason but because I could say but very little on that subject, while Alumbrado's imagination and eloquence were inexhaustible. I had no hope of giving the mind of the Duke a different turn ; his natural vivacity, which formerly so frequently avocated his attention from one object, and oftentimes directed it irresistibly to another of a nature entirely opposite, this vivacity was entirely extinguished ; a gloomy sameness, which was immoveably fixed to the object which

once had attracted his attention, having slept in its place. Every terrestrial joy had fled with Amelia, Lady Delier and Antonio; the source from which he at present derived his pleasure, originated beyond the grave. How joyfully would he have overleaped the cleft which separated him from the darlings of his heart, if he had not been kept back by mine and Alumbrado's persuasions. This state of mind encreased his anxious desire of discovering an artificial bridge of communication with the kingdom of spirits. In short, all the ideas he had imbibed in the school of the Irishman awoke in his mind with redoubled force. What at first had been to him a mere object of knowledge, became now the most important concern of his heart. One time he surprised Alumbrado with the question whether he thought it possible to converse with spirits before our death? However the artful man extricated his neck with great dexterity from the sling, replying, that such a question could not be answered in general, nor with a few words. I perceived that Alumbrado viewed the

Duke

Duke attentively and began to muse, although he had cut off abruptly the thread of the conversation.

No one can conceive how ardently the Duke longed for the arrival of the Irishman, of whom he expected to receive the final solution of that problem. One rather should think that the Irishman ought to have lost all credit with him, on account of his treacherous behaviour; for not only his first promise to put the Duke in possession of Amelia by means of his supernatural power; but also the second, that he would initiate him in the practical mysteries of his supernatural wisdom, as soon as the revolution should have been accomplished, was still incompleted. However, the Duke excused him, instead of suspecting his having deceived him. "Hiermanfor," he said, "is not all-powerful; how could he therefore, avert that fatal blow from Amelia's head? Hiermanfor has not fixed the day of his return; perhaps he has been detained by business of the greatest consequence, or means to try the measure of my confidence in him; but whatever may be the reason of his

non arrival, he certainly will not omit to make good his word." Alumbrado asked him who that Hiermanfor was? and the Duke related to him at large his adventures with that man, without betraying the share he had had in the revolution. I expected that Alumbrado, who at once was made acquainted with so dangerous a rival, would do his utmost to ruin his credit; but I was mistaken; all that he ventured to say, was, indeed, very much against him; but he added, that one ought not to judge prematurely on so great and deep a character.

This lenient judgment was not sufficient to cure the Duke of his delusion; although his confidence in the Irishman was very strong, yet his patience was very weak, and my reasoning against Hiermanfor began to make him uneasy. Several times was he going to make public inquiries after him, but the apprehension of offending him without being able to find him out always prevented him from doing it. At last, when the Irishman did not appear after a long and fruitless expectation, my friend took it in his head

to inquire after the Count de Clairval, and in case he should discover him, to seize him either by fraud or art, because he expected to receive from him some information of Hiermanfor. Alumbrado desired the Duke to give him a description of the Count. "He is almost of my size," my friend replied, "but fair, of an interesting countenance, and a tranquil, gentle seriousness, generally characterizes his mien, which, however, frequently bespeaks the most jovial humour; his nose is rather of the aquiline kind, his mouth almost woman-like handsome, and his chin falls a little back, yet without disfiguring him." "If you wish to get him in your power," Alumbrado replied, "I will endeavour to *spell-bind* him; but then I shall want his picture; could you delineate it on a piece of paper?" The Duke, who as little as myself knew what to think of this offer, looked alternately at me and at Alumbrado. "Indeed," the latter continued, "I wish to possess the picture of the Count; leave the consequence to me." "If you really wish to possess it," my friend replied, "you shall have it."

Possessing

Possessing a great skill in drawing striking likenesses, he finished the portrait the day following, assisted by his imagination, and gave it to Alumbrado. We were impatient to learn what he was going to do with it; however, he visited the Duke four days without mentioning the picture; but on the fifth day informed him in what hotel he would find the Count. We were looking at him in dumb astonishment, when he added, "Make haste, now you can surprise him, and if he should refuse to follow you, you only need to tell him that the guard is waiting for your order to seize him."

Alumbrado had spoken the truth; the Duke found the Count in his apartment. The latter was at first incapable of uttering a word, but having recovered from his astonishment, he declined in a faltering accent to accept the invitation of my friend. But when he heard the Duke talk of the guard, and saw that he was a prisoner, he submitted to his fate. The Duke ordered his trunk to be carried to his coach, and then drove with him to his palace.

Appre-

Apprehending that the Count would be reserved in the presence of a third person, he had previously requested me to retire with Alumbrado to a closet, where we could hear and see them without being observed. The introduction to their discourse had already been finished in the carriage, consequently we heard only the continuation. As soon as they had entered the room, the Duke desired the Count to give him the key of his trunk, which was delivered to him without hesitation. While he was opening the trunk and searching for papers which he could not find, the Count took his letter-case out of his pocket and threw it in the chimney fire.

Although the Duke hastened to save it, yet a great part of it had already been consumed by the flames. The rest he locked up in his writing desk.

“Why have you done this?” he said to the Count with rising anger.

“Because I do not like to have my secrets wrested from me by force.”

The Duke took several turns in his apartment in order to recover his equanimity,

nimity, and then rung the bell. "Wine," he called to the servant, who brought it immediately and retired.

"Count," said the Duke in a mild accent, "the wine possesses the virtue of rendering people communicative and sincere. Let us drink."

"You shall draw my secrets from me neither by force nor artifice. I shall at least have the merit of confessing voluntarily, what I can, and dare confess."

"Very well. However, wine possesses also the virtue of dispelling animosity and perplexity. Come, let us drink."

The Count consented to it.

"First of all," said the Duke, after they had been seated, "tell me where is Hiermanfor? He promised to pay me a visit as soon as Por***al should be delivered from the Spa**sh yoke, but has not been as good as his word."

"He could not. Affairs of the greatest importance have called him to Brasil, where he very probably is at present."

“Do you think that he will fulfil his promise after his return.”

“Undoubtedly! But why do you wish for his visit.”

“He has promised to initiate me in the mysteries of an occult philosophy. You are perhaps capable of supplying his place.”

“No, my Lord.”

“But you will be able to afford me some information with respect to those illusions by which I have been put to the test?”

“Yes!” the Count replied, after a pause.

“I only desire you to explain to me the more intricate and most important deceptions, for the rest I hope to unfold without your assistance.”

“Most of them you will already have discovered by the papers which you have taken—found in my trunk.”

“How do you know that?” The Duke asked with astonishment.

“I know it from Hiermanfor.”

“And by whom has *he* been informed of it?”

“By

“By your Grace.”

“By me? I do not recollect to have discovered to him any thing.”

“Not directly; however, you have betrayed yourself.”

“On what occasion?”

“When he paid you a visit at **ubia. Do you not recollect to have asked him whether he had discovered to Amelia that your real father had not been the murderer of her Lord? This you could not have known if you had not seen my papers.”

“It is true,” the Duke replied after a short silence, “however, those papers did not extend farther than to the time when Hiermanfor was taken up in your and my tutor’s presence. I was then going to descend into the subterraneous vaults of a ruinous building, in order to take a brilliant pin out of the hair of a sleeping virgin.”

“I know it; but you would have found neither the sleeping virgin nor any of those things which Hiermanfor told you you would meet with.”

“Is

“Is it possible; should he have risked a fraud in which I so easily could have found him out?”

“He knew before-hand that you would not get to the bottom of the staircase, for it was settled previously that I should appear in time with the officers of the police, and recall your Grace by firing a pistol.”

“Indeed!” said the Duke with astonishment, “now I recollect another very strange incident. I should perhaps not have descended without your interference, for I was seized with an uncommon anxiety, which increased every step I proceeded. I cannot conceive what was the reason of it; however it seemed as if an invisible power pushed me back.”

“This I will explain to you. Don’t you recollect that a thick smoke ascended from the abyss? A stupifying incense which possessed the power of straitening the breast, and creating anxiety, was burning at the bottom of the staircase.”

“I cannot but confess,” the Duke said, after a short pause, “that the execution was not less cautious than the plan
has

has been artful. I had indeed been impelled, at that time to believe that Hiermanfor was not only possessed of the knowledge of subterraneous treasures, but also of the power and the inclination of affording me a share of them, and that it had been merely my fault to have returned empty handed. His cursory account of the wonderful things I should meet with in the abyfs had contributed to set my imagination at work, and I was more desirous to see those miraculous things, than to get possession of the jewels."

"Your Grace repented it very much that I had interrupted that adventure by the seizure of Hiermanfor."

"Indeed I did, but what view had you in doing it?"

"It was of great consequence to me, to prove myself to you and your tutor, in an incontestible manner, an implacable enemy of Hiermanfor. How could I have effected it better than by seizing him? the magistrate was an intimate friend of mine, and the whole farce pre-concerted with him."

"Then

“Then the Irishman has not been taken up seriously?”

“The officers of the police had been ordered to set him at liberty as soon as he should be out of your sight.”

“Now I can comprehend why you so obstinately opposed me when I intreated my tutor to make an attempt at delivering Hiermanfor.—But what would you have done, if I had persisted in my resolution of taking that step?”

“Then you should certainly not have done it alone; I would have accompanied you to the magistrate, who, undoubtedly, would have found means of consoling you with respect to Hiermanfor’s fate. It seemed, nevertheless, not to be adviseable to suffer you to remain any longer in the neighbourhood of the theatre where that scene had been performed. You might have peeped behind the curtain without our knowledge, and your tutor could have made secret enquiries. An accident might easily have betrayed to you that the process against Hiermanfor was a fiction; in short, we could not have acted with safety and liberty

berty while you should have been near the scene of action, and for that reason the magistrate was suborned to endeavour to persuade you to a speedy flight, in which he succeeded to our greatest satisfaction."

"Now it is evident how Hiermanfor could shew so much tranquillity and unconcern when he was taken up, how he could promise to see me at **n, and make good his promise."

"The latter was indeed an easy matter; however he wanted to render his re-appearance interesting by concomitant extraordinary circumstances. A lamentable incident procured him the means of effecting his purpose. You will recollect the execution of Franciska, the too late discovery of her innocence, and the nocturnal funeral to which I invited you.—Hiermanfor could not have re-appeared to you on a more remarkable opportunity. At that period, when your soul was thrilled with gloomy melancholy and chilling sensations, the sight of a man whom you supposed to languish in a dungeon, or perhaps to have finished already his career

reer on the stake, could not but make the deepest impression on you. You know that he omitted nothing that promised to enforce that impression."

"But how could he then already know that I had been raised to the ducal dignity?"

"He had received early intelligence of it by a letter from a friend, who was intimate with the secretary of your father."

"Let us drop the discourse on the scene of that night, it is accompanied with too horrid and painful ideas. Let us repair to the retired cell of the royal hermit, where no inferior miracles are crowding upon us. First of all, tell me whether you really think him to be the old banished King?"

"I do, indeed, not only because Hiermanfor has told me so, but also because his whole form resembles in a most striking manner, the picture of the real King."

"But when do you think he will ascend the throne of Port**al?"

"I suppose, very soon!"

"Do

“Do you, indeed? I can see, as yet, no preparations for it. They even do not *talk* of the old King; every one believes him to be dead; I think it would be time to spread the news of his being still alive.”

“I must confess that I have neither heard nor seen any thing of him since we left him in his cell. I hope Hiermanfor’s return will be the period of his taking possession of the throne. Perhaps he intends to introduce him in triumph in Port**al.”

“It seems, at least, that they are very intimately connected. Do you recollect how Hiermanfor appeared at night, in a manner equally mysterious and surprising, when he was summoned by the royal Hermit.”

“O! as for that juggling trick—”

The Duke started from his chair. “A juggling trick—this too should have been a juggling trick?”

“How can you be surprized at this discovery?”

“The incident was indeed wonderful
enough

enough for giving reason to think it supernatural."

"You are right. That artifice could not but produce an astonishing effect on an uninformed spectator. The Hermit pronounces some unintelligible words while he kisses the picture three times; the lamp is extinguished and lighted again, as if it were by an invisible hand; a sudden noise is heard, and a flame flashes over the picture. All this is very surprising. However, if one knows that the altar, on which the picture is placed, conceals a machine, that the Hermit's finger touches a secret spring, and this puts the wheels of the machine in motion, that the wick in the lamp is connected with it, and pulled down and up again through the tube in which it is fixed; if one knows *how* Hiermanfor entered the cell, then the whole incident will be divested of its supernatural appearance."

"But this very appearance of Hiermanfor is entirely mysterious to me."

"And yet it has been effected in a very simple manner. A moveable board, which could be pushed to and fro without the

least noise, was concealed among those of which the cell was composed. Hiermanfor stole through that hidden avenue as soon as he saw from without, through a small hole, the lamp extinguished. He could enter without the least danger of detection, because you had turned your back towards him, and fixed your attention entirely on the altar."

"Then every thing had been previously prepared and pre-concerted with the King?"

"Certainly!"

"And the whole conduct of the King has been regulated by Hiermanfor?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"The incident," the Duke replied after a pause, "now ceases, indeed, to appear miraculous to me; however the behaviour of the King seems to me so much the more mysterious. How is it possible that this reverend old man could consent to deceive me in so degrading a manner?"

"It was no easy task to persuade him to it. However, after Hiermanfor had exhausted his eloquence in vain, he de-

clared at length proudly, that no other choice was left him, than either leaving his crown for ever in the possession of an usurper, or to consent to that innocent artifice. The King thought he was bound to choose the latter, for the benefit of the empire and his private happiness."

A long silence on both sides. At length the Duke resumed: "Hiermanfor showed me the ghost of my tutor at the churchyard; by what means has that been effected?"

"Your Grace will allow me to leave this question unanswered!"

"For what reason?" the Duke asked with seeming coolness.

"Because my answer would explain nothing to you."

"Why do you think so? the explanations which you have given me, as yet, have been very satisfactory to me."

"They concerned only things which you were able to comprehend."

"Indeed! you pay me a very bad compliment!"

"My Lord, do not misunderstand me, you have been telling me a little while

ago, that you have not yet been initiated by Hiermanfor in the last mysteries of his philosophy !”

“ I did, but what follows thence ?”

“ That you are still in want of the knowledge which will be requisite, if you are to be capable of comprehending the appearance of your tutor.”

“ Don't pretend to persuade me that this apparition has been effected by supernatural means.”

“ I will persuade you to nothing, I only tell you what I know.”

“ And I tell you only what I do not believe. All the other incidents should have been effected by delusive arts, and Antonio's appearance only be excepted ?”

“ The appearance of Antonio was no deception.”

“ You will never make me believe it.”

“ I cannot blame you for it.”

“ Why not ?”

“ Because I have forfeited the right of deserving credit.”

The Duke was silent, viewing the Count severely. The latter resumed : “ Be-
cause I am very indifferent to me what

think of the matter. Hiermanfor may set you right."

"How far are you connected with Hiermanfor?"

"Very much like *you*. He has made himself my master, and I am subservient to him."

"Do you serve him with reluctance?"

"With devotion."

"Then you will know to whom you are devoted?"

"I don't know much more of him than your Grace."

"Even that little which you know of him would be remarkable to me, if authentic."

"I should tire your patience if I were to repeat to you all the improbable stories which are related of him. There are, however, very few credible accounts of him."

"I protest I should be glad to know them."

"Even the true family name of Hiermanfor is not known to me. He is said to have been born in Ireland, of plebeian parents. A near relation who professed

astrology, had observed the stars on his birth, and prophesied great things of him. The same man persuaded his parents to give him a learned education, which they afterwards repented so much the less, when they perceived the astonishing progress in learning which he made. When he had attained the years of adolescence, his relation instructed him in mathematics and astronomy. The fame of Hiermanfor's great learning procured him the place of governor in a noble family. The eldest daughter fell in love with him, and the language of her eyes soon betrayed to him the impression he had made on her heart. She was a blooming beauty, who had attracted by her uncommon charms, and rejected many woers of high rank. It had been reserved for Hiermanfor to kindle in her heart the first spark of love, and yet he appeared insensible of his good fortune. But he was not. He entertained a high sense of the preference given to him : honesty and prudence commanded him, however, to conceal his sentiments for a person who was so far superior to him in point of rank. Yet youthful age is
not

not always capable of maintaining the rigorous dictates of reason against the seducing voice of the passions, and thus Hiermanfor betrayed, in an unguarded moment, the secret of his heart, which was received with rapture by the young lady, and carefully concealed in her bosom. But from that moment he resolved to endeavour to rise to a situation which would permit him to woo the hand of his mistress without blushing. This bold idea had no sooner taken place in the soul of the resolute youth, than he began to delineate a plan for the execution of it. Hiermanfor thought the naval service would be the shortest way of attaining a splendid fortune, and instantly navigation became the chief object of his study. He found very soon an opportunity of putting his acquired knowledge in practice, which he chiefly owed to the support of the family in which he had been tutor. The proofs of uncommon skill which he gave in naval matters, soon raised him to the rank of a captain, when his mistress died. Hiermanfor resigned his place in the navy,

and was received as *lay brother* in the order of the Carmelites. Having performed his vow he was sent to Rome, where he got acquainted with a priest of the same order, whose name was Father Gabriel, and who was famed for his great skill in physic and natural knowledge. Instructed by that learned man, he improved rapidly, and acquired at the same time great knowledge in natural magic, in which his relation had already instructed him.

“ A genius like his could not, however, confine himself for a length of time to cloistered retirement and a speculative life. His superiors sent a mission to the Indies, and Hiermanfor got leave to make that journey with the missionaries. There he is said to have acquired among the Bramins the knowledge of the occult sciences, in the mysteries of which he has promised to initiate your Grace. I do not know what prompted him to leave the order afterwards. His superiors parting with him reluctantly, rendered it very difficult for him to procure dispensation from his vows. At length he got leave to retire

retire, under the condition never to be inimical to the order.—This is all that I know of his life.”

“ Then every thing the Magistrate and the Hermit have related of him is a fiction ?” the Duke enquired after a short silence.

“ Not at all !” the Count replied, “ almost all those accounts are founded on facts, though they have been embellished by fictitious episodes. The surprising feats of Hiermanfor, of which you have been informed, were however effected merely by means of natural magic.”

“ For instance, the delivery of the old King from the castle of St. Lukar—how has it been effected ?”

“ It certainly has been performed by Hiermanfor’s acuteness, though not through him alone.”

“ And the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard—”

“ Has been effected by his supernatural power.”

“ Count ! by all that is dear to you, by Hiermanfor’s friendship, by our reconciliation,

ciliation, what is your real opinion of that apparition?"

"That it was effected by his supernatural power!"

The Duke rose and pressed the Count's hand. "Have you any secret wish which I could satisfy? speak freely, and I will satisfy it, cost it what it will, only make a frank and candid confession."

"I have confessed every thing already."

"If you, perhaps, hesitate to discover your real sentiments here, you may fix some other place, and I pledge my honour, that no man living shall be made acquainted with your secret."

"My dear Duke! I have indeed told you what I think."

"Count, I conjure you, by every thing sacred, by the horrors of eternity!" here the Duke encircled him with his arms, "by Amelia's spirit, tell me what do you think of that apparition?"

"I believe *that* apparition to have been effected by Hiernanfor's supernatural power," replied the Count after a short silence.

The Duke stepped a few paces back, and having viewed him some time with a stern look, said, "You are my prisoner, do you know that I can send you to the dungeon?"

"I am in your power."

"Where you will not be *entreated* to speak the truth?"

"Even on the rack I shall not contradict what I have said."

"Come!" said the Duke, after he had walked up and down the room in silent meditation; "Come, I will give you some time for consideration."—So saying, he led the Count into another room where he locked him up.

"What shall I do with that fellow?" he said to me when he returned to us, "believe what he has said and set him at liberty; or mistrust and retain him?"

"Retain him," my reply was; "if he sees that you are in earnest, he certainly will confess."

Alumbrado was of the same opinion, our advice was however neglected, for the next morning when I went to see the Duke, I found the Count had already been libe-

rated. The matter happened in the following manner :

The Duke had paid him one more visit at night, in order to get some explanation of Amelia's history, asking the Count whether his account of Amelia's adventures had been strictly true, or intermixed with fiction ? The Count confessed frankly that he had not been very conscientious in his relation, but had added to his picture many fictitious strokes ; nay, that he had disfigured even the principal incidents by interpolation, in order to encrease by his adventurous tale, the Duke's propensity to wonderful incidents, and thus to render Amelia more interesting to him. The Duke asked him how he could have risked a fraud which the first meeting with the Countess could have laid open to him. " I was well aware," the Count replied, " that you as well as Amelia would be prompted by the tender harmony which made your hearts beat in unison, to avoid speaking of incidents which would have introduced Amelia's late Lord and her love for him." The Duke asked him whether the Irishman had not acted in concert

concert with Lady Delier? "Only as far as he made use of her to direct the love that had taken place between your Grace and Amelia," the Count answered; "the conditions and restrictions under which the Baronefs was to assist in forwarding your mutual union are unknown to me." The Count being asked, whether that wonderful note by which Amelia had been released from her vow of eternal fidelity to her deceased Lord, had been a contrivance of Hiermanfor's natural skill, or the effect of supernatural power; the Count replied, the latter had been the case. The Duke had been affected so much by the repeated mention of his Amelia, that he began to melt in tears. The Count thought this state of mind very propitious for regaining his liberty, and obtained it without difficulty. What could the Duke have refused in that situation to Amelia's brother-in-law?

Alumbrado seemed to be not less displeased with this event than myself. My hope that the Count would entirely destroy, by an ample discovery of the juggling tricks of the Irishman, the Duke's belief

belief in the supernatural skill of the latter was now utterly destroyed, for he had not unfolded the most important mystery; the apparition of Antonio at the churchyard. Yet I derived some consolation from the papers of Clairval, which were still in the hands of the Duke, and proposed to throw some light on that extraordinary incident. My friend himself seemed to entertain the same hope, and although the papers had been partly consumed by the fire, yet he was not discouraged, and undertook the laborious task of decyphering them. We retired lest we should disturb him.

The next morning Alumbrado came to my palace, informing me that he went to pay a visit to the Duke, but had not been admitted. We concluded from this, that he had not yet finished decyphering of the papers.

The Duke joined us about an hour after with gloomy looks, he gave me some writings and said, "that is all that I could make out; read it and edify yourself."

"I began to read aloud, "Beloved and trusty—" the Duke interrupted me—"It is
a letter

a letter to Hiermanfor, written by the Lady of the late Duke of B——a, at a time when he had little hope of ascending the royal throne of P——l.

‘ Beloved and trusty ! I have read all
 ‘ your letters to our Privy Secretary,
 ‘ along with the note by which you acquaint him with your intention of introducing Miguel to the Hermit. I
 ‘ always read your letters with admiration, yet I cannot but confess that I have
 ‘ great reason to suspect you have it
 ‘ more at heart to be admired, than to
 ‘ gain Miguel over to our party. I should
 ‘ think Miguel could have been secured
 ‘ to us in a safer, easier, and more expeditious manner, and you would have saved
 ‘ yourself a great deal of time and trouble if you had attempted it. Why are
 ‘ those superfluous machinations, why
 ‘ those expensive, intricate, artificial, and
 ‘ give me leave to add, those fragile machines which so easily may be destroyed ?
 ‘ You could certainly have ensnared Miguel in a more simple and a less precarious manner. Machineries like those
 ‘ which

‘ which you have made use of are always
‘ liable to the danger of being discovered
‘ by accident, which may ruin the whole
‘ plan.

‘ You will perhaps reply, that, if he
‘ should make such a discovery, it would
‘ be of little consequence ; that you know
‘ this Miguel too well, are too sensible of
‘ your superiority, that he cannot do with-
‘ out you, and that you keep him in chains
‘ which he will not be able to shake off,
‘ though your whole miraculous web
‘ should be dissolved in smoke. But, if
‘ so, wherefore those needless artifices ?
‘ What benefit will arise from your mira-
‘ cles and ghosts ? The love intrigue
‘ with Amelia, and the charm of your
‘ eloquence would have been sufficient for
‘ gaining Miguel over to our party.

‘ I may be mistaken, your proceedings
‘ are however riddles to me, if I do not
‘ suppose that an arrogant activity has
‘ prompted you to contrive extraordinary
‘ intrigues, and to have recourse to mar-
‘ vellous machineries. People of your
‘ genius are wont to do so. You despise
‘ the ways of common men, force new
‘ roads

roads through insurmountable rocks, en-
 tangle your man in numberless magic
 fetters, with no other view, than to have
 the pleasure of seeing your prisoner in-
 snare himself deeper and deeper by his
 attempts to regain his liberty. The sim-
 ple, artless turn of a play, does not suit
 a genius like your's, which delights only
 in knitting and dissolving intricate knots,
 and in having recourse to artificial, com-
 plicated machines ; obstacles and dan-
 gers serve only to give additional ener-
 gy to your activity. Miguel was, per-
 haps, only an object which was to serve
 you for trying your skill and art, in or-
 der to see how far you could rely on
 your capacities for more important op-
 portunities.

But however it be, I am rather bound
 to thank you for your zeal to serve our
 cause, than to criticise the choice of the
 means you have made use of. Accom-
 plish what you have begun, and you
 may be sure of my favour and active
 gratitude.'

While I had been reading, the Duke
 walked up and down the room with hasty
 strides.

strides. He now stopped. "Well, Marquis! well, Alumbrado!" said he, "do I not act a charming part in this letter?"

We remained silent, because we saw that he was violently agitated.

"They treat me as a simpleton, as a blockhead. Is it not true?"

"How you exaggerate it!" said I. "They ascribe to you want of experience, and that is all."

"O Marquis, don't you see in what a tone, and with how much contempt the proud woman speaks of me?"

"She is a woman who mistakes you."

"Heavens and earth! and I should brook her injuries without taking revenge?"

"My Lord!" Alumbrado said, "in what relation have you been to the Duchefs? I cannot see the connection of the whole affair?"

The Duke explained this connection to him, by discovering the share he had had in the revolution.

Alumbrado was all attention during this account, and when it was finished seemed

seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation.

“ Friend !” said I to the Duke, “ there are some more written leaves”——

“ It is Hiermanfor’s answer to the letter you have been reading.”

I read the letter aloud.

‘ It is with no small astonishment
‘ that I find myself called to an account,
‘ in the letter which your Grace did me
‘ the honour of writing to me, for a point
‘ which I sincerely wish never had been
‘ mentioned. The remarks you have
‘ made on it redound as much to the
‘ honour of your Grace’s penetration and
‘ sagacity, as they tend to mortify me by
‘ betraying me into a confession, which I
‘ would have refused to make to any mortal
‘ living, except to so noble a challenger.

‘ My second letter to your Privy Secretary,
‘ explaining sufficiently the motives
‘ which have prompted me to gain Miguel
‘ over to our party by the arts of natural
‘ magic, I think I need not add new
‘ arguments to those contained in that
‘ letter, if your Grace will take the trouble
‘ to re-peruse and to ponder them at-
‘ tentively.

‘ tentively. Besides the reprehension of
‘ your Grace is directed less against the
‘ means which I have made use of, than
‘ against the manner of their application.
‘ You ask in your letter, why I have had
‘ recourse to such superfluous machina-
‘ tions, to such expenfive, intricate, arti-
‘ ficial, and fragile machines? Indeed you
‘ think too contemptibly of Miguel. His
‘ penetration, as well as his great know-
‘ ledge, raise him far above the common
‘ men of his age; his understanding, which
‘ has been improved under the tuition of
‘ an Antonio de Galvez, is not to be im-
‘ posed upon so easily as you think. Be-
‘ sides, you will have the goodness to
‘ consider that he was not the only person
‘ I had to deal with, and that his tutor, who
‘ never stirred from his side, was always
‘ ready to cut asunder the magical bonds
‘ in which I had entangled him. But why
‘ do I hesitate any longer to tell you the
‘ plain truth? My design was not di-
‘ rected against Miguel alone, but on his
‘ tutor too. It was the most ardent wish
‘ of my heart to gain this man to our party
‘ by my magical arts, and that was it
‘ which

which forced me to have recourse to
 so many machinations, and such expen-
 sive and complicated machines. If my
 design upon him had been crowned with
 success, Miguel too would have been an
 easy and certain conquest.

If your Grace should ask what has
 prompted me to form so daring a plan,
 and what reasons I had to hope for suc-
 cess? I beg you will condescend to pon-
 der the following points: Count Galvez
 was an insurmountable obstacle in my
 way to Miguel, which rendered it neces-
 sary either to draw him in our interest,
 or to remove him from his pupil. It
 will be obvious to you for what reason
 I resolved to attempt the former, if you
 will consider how much advantage our
 affairs would have derived from so va-
 luable a conquest. If we could have
 made sure of Antonio, we then should
 also have drawn the court of Rome in our
 interest by his intercession. Before the
 present Pope was raised to the papal
 throne, he and a number of persons of
 the highest rank were intimately con-
 nected with him. We could, therefore,

have

‘ have expected to interest for our cause by
 ‘ his influence a court, which will become
 ‘ our most dangerous enemy, if it should
 ‘ not take our part; and I apprehend this
 ‘ will be the case.*

‘ What a triumph would it have proved
 ‘ to me, if I had succeeded in my at-
 ‘ tempt to subdue this man through my
 ‘ magical operations, and to catch in *one*
 ‘ snare two persons of so great an import-
 ‘ ance to our cause. The idea of insnar-
 ‘ ing the Count by means of miracles and
 ‘ ghosts was, indeed, a very bold one,
 ‘ but not so inconsiderate as it may ap-
 ‘ pear at first sight. Antonio has spent
 ‘ the earlier years of his youth in a monas-
 ‘ tery at Rome. It was not unknown to
 ‘ me, that experience and meditation
 ‘ have enabled him afterwards to divest
 ‘ himself of the prejudices which there
 ‘ have been instilled in his mind: I was,
 ‘ however,

* On the margin of the manuscript, the following note was written by an unknown hand: ‘ The Irish-
 ‘ man has not been mistaken, for nine years are now
 ‘ past since the revolution has taken place, and the new
 ‘ King of Port***l, has not yet been acknowledged by
 ‘ the court of Rome.’

however, at the same time, well aware that the impressions we receive in our juvenile days, are re-produced with vivacity on certain occasions. I also knew that his philosophy does not deny the existence of spirits, and the hope of futurity which he defended with enthusiasm, renders the human mind but too prone to give credit to the apparitions of spirits, if they have the appearance of reality. Even his propensity to speculation, his fondness of solitude, the interest he took in supersensitive objects, his melancholy temper, prompted me to expect that my artifices would find access to his heart; and if the heart is but interested for something, then the understanding too is generally *half* gained. However, he who intends to gain it *entirely*, must take care not to expose his blind side to a keen-sighted and pert genius, and for that reason I was obliged to endeavour to carry the illusion to the highest degree of probability; I was under the necessity of attempting to make it impossible to Count Galvez to penetrate my delusions. This will con-

vince

vince your Grace that my plan, how bold soever it might have been, has not been formed without *probability of success*. However, when Count Clairval began to cultivate a more intimate connection with Antonio, I was made sensible that my expectations have been too sanguine.

He entreated me to give up a design that never could succeed. Prudence commanded me to follow his advice, though it mortified my ambition extremely. No other expedient was now left than to remove Count Galvez from his pupil, because I apprehended that he would ruin my design on Miguel. Your Grace knows how successfully this was executed.

Perhaps you will ask, whether it would not have been possible to gain Count Galvez for our cause by some other means? I must reply in the negative. Miguel could indeed have been ensnared by other means, but not more *expeditiously*; (and every thing depended upon dispatch) but his tutor never. The latter is attached to the King of

Sp**n

‘ Sp**n with unshaken loyalty, because
 ‘ he thinks it his *duty* to be lóyal; and a
 ‘ man of fifty years, of so firm and rooted
 ‘ principles, cannot be enticed from what
 ‘ he thinks to be his duty, before it ceases
 ‘ to be duty to him. But what power upon
 ‘ earth could absolve from a *duty such* a
 ‘ man? Here supernatural powers must
 ‘ interfere and absolve him, beings from
 ‘ another world must appear as bails.

‘ I can scarcely think that the failure
 ‘ of this plan has originated from a fault
 ‘ of mine, for I have tried every means
 ‘ of exhibiting my miracles and ghosts in
 ‘ a shape of probability. Yet this has en-
 ‘ tangled me on the other side in a very
 ‘ disagreeable dilemma. Miguel, to whom
 ‘ his tutor has rendered suspected even
 ‘ my most consummate artifices, must be
 ‘ kept steady in the course he once has
 ‘ taken. I shall, perhaps, be necessitated
 ‘ to perform something quite extraordi-
 ‘ nary in order to fix the mind of this
 ‘ wavering young man who is constantly
 ‘ pressing forwards. Thus I think to
 ‘ have given a satisfactory answer to the
 ‘ question why I have introduced so ex-

‘ pensive, complicated and artificial machines.

‘ If your Grace should ask why I have kept my design on Miguel’s tutor so secret, then I must tell you, that I concealed it so carefully because I intended to surprise the confederates unexpectedly by my valuable acquisition, if I should have succeeded; and if not, to spare myself the mortification of having it said that I had undertaken a task to which my powers were not equal. I hope your Grace will reward my frank and plain confession by burying it in eternal secrecy.’

I returned the letter to the Duke, and a long silence ensued. He broke it first.

“ My friend, you know my adventures with this Irishman, what do you think of him ?”

“ How can you ask that question after all the discoveries we have already made ?”

“ I wish to have it answered by you.”

“ I think,” said I in a pathetic accent, “ that Irishman must be a supernatural being.”

“ Ridicule

“ Ridicule me as long as you please—I cannot but confess that he is, nevertheless, incomprehensible to me.”

“ My dear Duke, I know what I am to think of the Irishman, but I scarcely know what to think of you.”

“ You disapprove of my connection with that man.”

“ Very much.”

“ Tell me your sentiments without reserve; I know you have had a strong desire for some time to come to an explanation with me.”

“ You have been ill, and I wish to spare you.”

“ I don't want your forbearance. Speak.”

“ At another time, my friend, at another time.”

“ No delay. Alumbrado is no stranger to my history, and consequently may hear your observation on it.”

“ If you insist upon it, then I must tell you that I am extremely vexed at the idea that the fellow, who dared to sport with your understanding has enjoyed the triumph of guiding you in leading-strings

whithersoever he chose. I am glad that you have rendered his magical labours so toilsome ; I am rejoiced at the resistance which you have opposed to his attacks ; but it grieves me that he has conquered you so dishonestly and artfully. I cannot but confess that the artifice to which your penetration yielded, has been enormous ; however, I am angry with you because the man whom you really had discovered to be a cheat, succeeded a second time in gaining your confidence."

" Do you then imagine that the Irishman has imposed on me in the latter period of our connection as well as in the beginning of it ?"

" Undoubtedly."

" That this occult science consists merely in juggling tricks ?"

" In *natural* arts of all kind."

" By what natural means could he have effected the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard ?"

" I cannot tell ; however, we should probably have learned it from the Count if he had not been suffered to escape."

" I am

“ I am glad you remind me of the Count. Why did he refuse so obstinately to explain that incident in spite of my prayers and menaces, declaring solemnly that it had been effected by supernatural means, although he has candidly discovered the rest of the delusions of the Irishman. What benefit could he expect from deceiving me any longer, the revolution being established, and consequently his end attained?”

“ Has he not confessed that he is in the service of the Irishman? Can you know what orders he has received from his employer? Was not the veil of mystery which the Count has thrown over that incident, the only remaining mean of supporting the authority of his lord and master? Who knows what he would have confessed if you had shown a firm resolution to enforce your menaces?”

“ I confess I acted very weakly and rashly, in suffering him to escape so soon.”

“ At bottom it matters very little. What confidence could you have reposed in the confession of a man, who on a for-

mer occasion has imposed you in so shameless and daring a manner? And what will you say if I prove to you that he has belied you the last time too?"

"You astonish me."

"Don't you recollect that he pretended the note through which Amelia has been absolved from her vow by her late Lord, to have been the effect of Hiermanfor's supernatural power?"

"Not only the Count, Hiermanfor too has made me believe it."

"Both of them have told you a barefaced lie."

"Friend, how will you be able to make good your charge?"

"By proving that pretended miracle to be a juggling trick."

"You have raised my expectation to the highest pitch."

"I have learned that trick of a juggler, and I am sure that which the Irishman has made use of is the same. He gave Amelia a blank slip of paper, and directed her to write the question on the upper part of it. Here you must regard three points; first of all, that he *himself* gave

gave the paper to Amelia; secondly, that he desired the question to be written on the upper part of it; and thirdly, that he dictated the question to her; he then put the paper on the table, fumigated the apartment with an incense of his own composition, and requested the Countess to look at the paper in the morning. It was very natural that the answer to the question was seen beneath it, having been previously written with sympathetic ink the preceding evening, but first rendered visible in the night by the fumigation. Very likely it had been written by the Count, who could imitate the hand-writing of his brother."

The Duke gazed at me a long while, seized with dumb astonishment. At length he clapped his hands joyfully, exclaiming, "O! my friend, what a light have you cast upon that dark mysterious affair."

"A light," my reply was, "that will assist you to see clearly how dishonestly the Irishman and the Count have dealt with you to the last. They endeavoured to persuade you that you had been de-

ceived at first, merely for the sake of probation, and that you had been paid with sterling truth after Palefski's discovery. Poor deceived man; you have always been beset with lies and delusions; the sole point in which they differed from each other, consisting merely in the superior art which the latter impositions were contrived with."

"Then you believe that the apparition at the church-yard has also been a deception, like the incident with the miraculous note."

"Yes, I have every reason to think so. When I have once caught a person in the act of committing a fraud, I then have the greatest right to suppose that he has repeatedly imposed upon me; and when I am convinced that he has frequently deceived me, I then have the greatest reason to conclude that he has cheated me the last time also."

"Then you think a real apparition of a ghost to be impossible."

"Why do you ask that question? All that we have to decide at present, is, whether

whether the Irishman or any man living can effect such an apparition."

"You want to evade my question."

"Indeed not!"

"Then tell me, do you think apparitions of ghosts to be possible?"

"Tell me, does not this question imply, that, are men capable of seeing ghosts?"

"Certainly."

"That I deny."

"You think that no man living has that capacity."

"And not without reason. We can see only those objects which throw an image on the retina of the eye, and consequently only expanded things; a spirit has no expansion, and therefore cannot be seen by us."

"You cut it very short."

"My argument is valid."

"Yet you have demonstrated nothing else but that we cannot see *pure* spirits; we may, nevertheless, be capable of seeing spirits in bodily clothing."

"This I grant without the least hesitation, for daily experience proves it.

We see *men*, of course we see spirits in *bodily clothing*."

"You fancy to escape me by this turn; but you are mistaken. You allow that we can see spirits if clothed in a bodily covering."

"What we *see* is always nothing but the bodily covering; but we must *conclude* by other marks and circumstances, whether it be inhabited by a spirit. Besides, there is in the whole dominion of our *sensible* knowledge not one being that answers our idea of a spirit; this idea has been produced merely by *reasoning*, and therefore a spirit never can become an object of our *perception*."

"Very strange!" the Duke replied, shaking his head; "the Irishman has said much the same, and nevertheless, he hit upon an expedient of proving to me the possibility of apparitions."

"I have read that argument; it is taken from the dialectic. This circumstance alone ought to have made you suspect it. Or are you such a novice in that science that you should not know how pliable it is to accommodate itself to all opinions?"

Those

Those philosophers who fancy all the beings of the whole creation to be spirits, as well as those who deny the existence of God, draw their arguments from that source. Is there any absurdity that could not be fitted to that baseless philosophy?"

"You are carrying matters too far. The Irishman did indeed propound several positions, which by their evidence enforce their claim to truth."

"That I do not deny. A great deal of philosophical penetration is however required, if one shall be able to discern the truth and falsehood, which its assertion imply in a strange and motly mixture. One feels indeed, frequently, the falsehood of sophistical subtleties without being able to refute them."

"I should be glad to know what you have to object against the doctrine of the Irishman concerning the possibility of apparitions?"

"In order to do this, it will be necessary previously to abstract his doctrine."

"When a spirit," the Irishman says, operates on mine, then he is present to me. If I were a mere rational being, I

then should be satisfied with *imagining* the presence of the spirit, *without* myself; but since I am a sensible being, by virtue of my nature, my imagination forms a corporeal idea of the object which my understanding *thinks*; that is, it forms an image of it. The presence of a spirit, therefore, puts my inferior intellectual powers in motion by means of the superior ones; I do not only imagine it merely without myself, but I perceive, at the same time, a shape answerable to it; I not only collect the ideas which he produces in my mind, but, at the same time, shape them in words. In short, I see the spirit and hear him speak.—Do you think, my friend, that I have comprehended the doctrine of the Irishman?"

"Perfectly!"

"The shape in which I see the spirit is, consequently, no real substance, but only the product of my sensitive power of perception, of my imagination."

"Very right."

"Consequently, the seeing of a spirit is, indeed, founded on a spiritual influx, which, however, is formed and shaped at

pleasure by our imagination; therefore, on every apparition of spirits truth would be intermixed with illusion, and the notions which have been instilled in our mind by our education, and all the prejudices we have imbibed in our infancy, would act an important part on every occasion of that kind?"

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Then tell me, what would the gift of seeing spirits and ghosts benefit us, since the spiritual effect could not but be interwoven so closely with the phantoms of our imagination, that it would be impossible to discern reality from the gross illusions which it is surrounded with?"

The Duke was absorbed in silent meditation, and I continued:—

"Don't you see that *superstition* thus would be at full liberty to exercise its sway over us, because we should be led to believe that even the most absurd delusions of our imagination *could possibly* be founded on a spiritual influx?"

The Duke continued to be silent, and I resumed:—

"And

“ And don’t you see that it would be impossible to discern a ghost-seer from a lunatic ?”

The Duke started up: “ How, from a lunatic ?”

“ Undoubtedly. The characteristic of lunacy consists in mistaking mere objects of the imagination for real substances, existing without ourselves, the original cause of which is a convulsion of the vessels of our brain, which are put out of their equilibrium. This suspension of the equilibrium can arise either from weakness of nerves, or from too strong a pressure of the blood towards the head, and mere phantoms of our imagination then appear to us, even while awake, to be real objects without ourselves. Although such an image should be but faint at first, yet the consternation at such an apparition, so contrary to the natural order of things, would soon excite the attention, and impart to the phantom a vivacity that would not suffer the deluded person to doubt its reality. It is therefore very natural; for the visionary fancies he sees and hears very plainly, what no person besides him perceives,

ceives, or imagines he sees such phantoms appear and disappear suddenly, when they are gamboling only before *one* sense, that of *sight*, without being perceived through another sense; for example, that of *feeling*, and therefore appear to be penetrable. The distemper of the visionary does not affect the understanding immediately, but only the senses; in consequence of which the unhappy wretch cannot remove the delusion by arguments of reason, because the real or supposed perception through the senses, always antecedes the judgment of the understanding, and possesses an immediate evidence which far surpasses all reflection. For which reason I can blame no person who treats the ghost-seers as candidates for the lunatic hospital, instead of looking upon them as people belonging, partly, to another world."

"Marquis, Marquis!" the Duke said, smiling, "you use the ghost-seers very ill." I should leave them entirely at your mercy, if the Irishman had not promised to communicate to me a criterion by which

which one can discern real apparitions from vain phantoms of the imagination."

"It is a pity he has only promised it, it being probable that this promise will not be performed with greater punctuality than the rest of his engagements."

"The event will prove how much you wrong him."

"But what would you say, if I could prove that he can communicate to you no criterion of that nature?"

"If you could do this—"

"Nothing is easier. The criterion whereby a real apparition of a ghost could be discerned from an illusion, must be either external or internal: that is, you must be able to ascertain the presence of a ghost, either by means of your senses, or by conclusions deduced from the impression your mind receives. Don't you think so?"

"It would be much safer if these two criterions co-existed."

"It would be sufficient if only one of these two criterions were possible. However you shall soon be convinced that neither can be proved. Whatever you per-

perceive, or suppose you perceive by means of your senses, in case of an apparition, is either a real material object, whereby perhaps an impostor, perhaps nature, who is so inexhaustible in her effects, or an accidental meeting of uncommon incidents surprises you; or it is an object that exists no where but in your heated imagination; what you perceive through your senses never can be the spirit himself, because spirits are incorporeal beings, and therefore neither can be seen, heard, nor felt; it is, consequently, evident that no external criterion of the reality of an apparition can exist."

"This, I think, cannot be disputed."

"But there exists perhaps an internal criterion. In order to decide this question, let us consider what passes in the human mind when a ghost appears. First of all, a lively idea of the presence of a ghost takes place, and sensations of terror, astonishment and awe arise--however this idea and these sensations, may be nothing else but the consequence of an uncommon, though natural external impression of a feverish fancy, and consequently

quently never can be indubitable proofs of the presence of spirits. But perhaps the presence of spirits is ascertained by the co-existence of certain extraordinary notions, sensations, and cognitions? This too cannot be, for we must be convinced that they could not arise in our soul in a natural manner, if we shall be able to ascertain their having been produced by the influence of a spirit. In that case it would be requisite we should know the whole store of our clear and obscure ideas, all their reciprocal relations, and all possible compositions which our imagination can form of them, a knowledge that is reserved only for the omniscient Ruler of the world. If we happen sometimes, in our dreams, to have the most wonderful visions, to reason in the most sensible manner, to discover new truths, and to predict incidents which afterwards really happen; why should not the same faculty of the soul which produces such uncommon effects in our dreams, surprise us sometimes with similar operations while we are awake, when it is agitated in a violent manner? In short,

short, my friend, there exists neither an internal nor an external criterion whereby we could ascertain the reality of an apparition."

"O how insufficient is human reason!" the Duke groaned, "how ambiguous the faculty through which we fancy we resemble the Godhead, and that guides us much unfafer than instinct directs brutes. But a short time since I thought it to be consonant with reason to believe in apparitions of ghosts, and now I am convinced of the contrary. Your arguments have pulled down what those of the Irishman have constructed, and thus I am constantly driven from one belief to the opposite one. Where shall I find, at length, a fixed point to rest upon? O! how happy is he, who undisturbed by the restless instinct of thinking, and of investigating the nature of things, rests in the lap of faith!"

I had not yet recovered from my astonishment at the speech of the Duke, when Alumbrado asked me, after a short pause:

"Then

“Then you think it absurd to believe in the possibility of apparitions?”

“A belief that has no firm foundation is absurd.”

“You then think every apparition, however it be shaped—”

“Is delusion, the source of which arises either from external natural causes, or flows from our bewildered imagination, or from both at once.”

“One question more!” the Duke said, “What do you think of the occult wisdom which Hiermanfor is said to have learnt from the Bramins?”

“That it consists in a profound knowledge of physic and natural history.”

“And the supernatural power he is boasting of—?”

“Is nothing but a skilful application of that knowledge?”

The Duke remained silent for some time, and then resumed:—

“You think it impossible for mortals to acquire a supernatural power?”

I smiled.

“It seems you deny also the possibility of miracles!” Alumbrado said with a dread-

dreadful look, which he however soon sweetened again.

“ I am convinced of the possibility of miracles,” I replied, “ because it is self-evident that God, who is the author of the laws of nature, can alter and suspend them ; but this only the Creator can do ; man, consequently, is not capable of working miracles.”

“ But men can become instruments in the hand of God,” Alumbrado continued, “ whereby Providence performs miracles !”

“ Undoubtedly, but no wretches like the Irishman. The eternal source of truth and holiness can never employ, as an immediate instrument, an impostor who deals in lies and artifice.”

“ Where will you find a mortal without fault ?” the Duke said, “ indeed you are too much prejudiced against the Irishman. He did not deceive me out of malice or selfishness, but only for the sake of a just and noble purpose.”

“ Actions that are in themselves immoral, like imposition and lies, never can be rendered moral by the justness of their

their end, and an organ of the Godhead never can employ means of so culpable a nature. But, my friend, if you really are persuaded the furtherance of the revolution to have been a noble and just action, why has the Irishman been obliged to exert all his arts to prevail on you to assist in the execution of that undertaking?"

The Duke cast his eyes to the ground, and Alumbrado left us. Miguel seemed to be penetrated with shame and confusion, and continued for some time to keep his eyes rivetted to the ground without uttering a word.

I took him affectionately by the hand: "It was not my intention to tell you my opinion of your adventures with the Irishman in Alumbrado's presence; you have forced me to do it, and I could not help telling my mind freely."

"I thank you for it."

"Your obstinacy and my frankness may prove fatal to me."

"How so?"

"It will perhaps cost me my life and liberty."

"I do

“ I do not comprehend you.”

“ I have declared myself against the belief in apparitions, and Alumbrado is perhaps at present on the road to the inquisition, in order to inform against me.”

“ Have you not yet conquered your prejudices against him? Don't be uneasy, and cease judging unjustly of a man against whom you have no reason of complaint, except a countenance which you do not like.”

“ You did not observe the fiend-like look he darted at me. O my friend, whatever may befall me, I will submit willingly to it, if I have succeeded in recalling you from your errors!”

“ I thank you for your love, but I apprehend very much I am one of those unhappy men of whom you have been saying, that no arguments of reason can remove their delusion. I am sensible that my sensation has an immediate evidence, which overpowers every persuasion of the understanding—this I am sensible of, as often as I recall to my mind the apparition at the church-yard.”

“ You

“ You view me with looks of pity,” the Duke continued after a short pause, “ I divine your thoughts. However, if you had seen what I have witnessed—”

“ Then I should have been astonished at the artful delusion, and the dexterity of the Irishman.”

“ And at the same time would not have been able to conceive, as well as myself, how it could have been performed in a natural manner.”

“ I grant it ; but I never conclude that any thing has been performed by supernatural means, because I cannot comprehend how it could have been effected in a natural manner. There was a time when you fancied the apparition in Amelia’s apartment to have been effected by supernatural means, and yet it was not so. Who would have the childish arrogance to fancy his intellectual faculties to be the scale of the powers of nature, and his knowledge the limit of human art?—However the apparition of the churchyard has some defects, which its author could not efface in spite of his dexterity, and which easily would have dispelled
the

the delusion before the eyes of a cool observer. The Irishman could not give to the phantom the accent of Antonio's voice, how skilfully soever he imitated his features. That the apparition did not move his eyes and lips, nor any limb, is also a suspicious circumstance, that proves the limits of the artificer's skill. But what renders the reality of the apparition most suspicious is, undoubtedly, your friend's ignorance of what *his* pretended *spirit* (consequently his proper *self*) told you at the church-yard; for if he had known any thing of it, he would not have concealed it from the Prince of Braganza, in whose arms he died, much less from you, in his farewell letter. Finally, if you consider what your tutor has told the Prince about his statue, which has been cut in wood during his imprisonment, you will find it very probable that the Irishman has made use of it in some manner or other for effecting that delusion."

The Duke stared at me like a person suddenly roused from a profound sleep.—
"Marquis!" he said, at length, "you have opened my eyes; but my unwont
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looks are unable to penetrate another fact I cannot expel from my memory."

"Again, an apparition—?"

"Which, however, did not happen to me, but to my father."

"You mean the apparition of Count San*?"

"The very same."

"Your *father* has related to me all the particulars of it; I have reflected upon it, and imagine I am capable of explaining it in a natural manner. Your father received, two days before the ghost appeared to him, a letter, by which he was informed that the Count was dangerously ill, and that his life was despaired of on account of his advanced age. This intelligence affected him violently, and the idea of the impending dissolution of his dearest friend, prevailed in his mind from that moment. The melancholy of your father seemed to encrease hourly, reduced him in the day to the state of a dreaming person, and disturbed his rest at night. As often as he awoke in the second night, he fancied he heard somebody groan, yet the groaning person was undoubtedly nobody

body but himself, and the cause of his groans originated from the pressure of the blood against the breast. This pressure awakened him once more, early in the in the morning, with some violence; he fell again asleep a few minutes after, and it was very natural that the object of the dream that stole upon him should be no other but Count San*. Your father mistook that dream for a real apparition and nothing is more pardonable than this self-deceit. The only circumstance that renders this incident remarkable, is, that the Count really expired in that very hour. However, I ask you whether it be so very strange, if our imagination, which deceives us so many thousand times by its delusions should at length coincide once accidentally with the truth?"

"One rather ought to wonder," the Duke replied, "that this is so rarely the case."

"Here you have two instances of apparitions," I resumed, "which agree in their being delusions, only with that difference, that one of them which happened at the church-yard originated from external

causes, and the other from the imagination of your father. We are not always so fortunate as to be able to explain apparitions in so natural a manner; our incapacity and ignorance gives us, however, no right to think that they are supernatural."

"You think then that the belief in apparitions and the influence of spirits originates merely from ignorance?"

"Certainly; when man was yet in his unpolished state, and ignorant of the laws of nature and of thinking, the uncivilised mortals could not but observe many external phenomena which they could not explain, their stock of experimental knowledge not being equal to that task. Necessitated by the law of reason to search for the cause of every effect, they substituted unknown causes, when unable to find out any that were known to them, and mistook these powers for spirits, because they were invisible to them, though they perceived their effects."

"I do not deny, my friend, that the original source of the belief in apparitions, and the influence of spirits, has taken its rise from an evidently false conclusion.

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It has however been frequently the fate of truth that its discovery was founded on erroneous premises ; consequently the manner in which an idea is generated cannot render its internal truth suspected, provided it be supported by other valid arguments."

" Your remark is very just and true, yet it cannot be applied to the present case, for I have already proved that we possess neither an external nor an internal criterion by which we could discern the influence and apparition of those invisible beings, and that we consequently have no sufficient reason to believe in their existence. This too I will not contest. You have, however, proved only the impossibility of finding out a criterion by which we could discern the real influence of spirits, but not the impossibility of that influence itself. It may yet be supposed that these beings can produce apparitions without, and effects within ourselves, and that we are connected with them in an effectual and secret manner. While this internal impossibility is not proved, it will not be absurd to imagine

that men who mortify their sensuality, who are entirely absorbed in meditation, and fix their looks merely on superterrestrial things, may be favoured more frequently with the influence of spiritual beings, and a more intimate connection with them."

"I will not pretend to say that this class of men qualify themselves for ghost-seers by the mortifications you have been mentioning; it is however certain, that they are in a fair way of becoming fanatics and madmen. At the same time, I think it very imprudent to sacrifice every earthly pleasure, to neglect the duties we owe to human society, on account of the possibility of a matter, the reality of which is founded on no arguments whatever. It is no absolute impossibility that I should one time be made a Mandarin of China, yet the bare possibility of it will certainly not induce me to trouble my head with the study of the Chinese state-politics in order to qualify myself for that dignity. Moreover, it is not only possible, nay, it is probable that the moon is inhabited by rational beings, I shall nevertheless certainly

tainly not be anxious to give any offence to the man in the moon by my actions. But to be serious, my friend, the point of your question is not, whether it be possible spirits should have an influence on us and external objects, but whether we really do possess a certain and decisive criterion whereby we can ascertain the reality of that influence; and I think I have sufficiently proved that we possess none. Nay I even maintain, that if something should not only be possible, but also really exist, yet its existence is no concern of mine, while I cannot ascertain its existence by a sufficient ground, while it does not manifest its existence to my knowledge by certain and indubitable criterions."

"But your objection," I resumed after a short silence, "may be pursued still further. You maintain that I could not prove the internal *impossibility* of the influence of spirits on human beings, and thus far you are right; but I have an equal right to maintain that you also cannot prove their *real possibility*; for in that case it would be requisite to know not only what a spirit is according our idea,

but also what it is in *itself*; and that only the Author of spirits can know. We know our own soul only by its effects, and no mortal can explain the *essential nature* of this first cause of all our ideas and actions. For that very reason it ever will be concealed from us whether it is related at all to spirits here below, and what the nature of that relation is? Here, my friend, are the limits of human reason, beyond which we cannot proceed without falling in with the empty space of sophistical phantoms. While you shall remain within the lawful boundaries, you never will have reason to complain of the insufficiency of human reason, as you have done just now. It is criminal arrogance to overleap the sacred limits, to which Providence has confined it; for the eternal wisdom of God is equally entitled to our regard by what it has denied, as by what it has granted us. Descend, therefore, my friend, descend from the empty space to which the Irishman had seduced you, to the firm ground of experience and common sense! Happy is he who looks upon this ground as a post allotted

lotted to him, which we can never transgress without being punished, and which implies every thing that can afford us satisfaction while we keep firm to what is useful."

About six weeks after this conversation I happened, one night, to sup with the Marquis in the company of his son and Alumbrado. Our discourse on the new government was growing very warm, when the clock in the room struck ten. Alumbrado suddenly grew deadly wan, and seemed to be struck dumb; his eyes stared at one spot, and he resembled a lifeless statue. We looked at each other with astonishment; the old Marquis was the first who called to him, but received no answer, and started up seized with terror. The Duke and myself followed his example; our endeavours to restore Alumbrado to recollection were, however, fruitless; he remained in profound stupefaction. Not knowing what had happened to him, we were going to send for a physician, when he rose from his chair like a person to whom nothing uncommon has happened, and told us with the greatest

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unconcern,

unconcern, "This very moment a strange accident has happened 300 miles from hence. At *li*, at the Sun Tavern, the picture of the new King which was hung up in the dining room, gave occasion to a discourse concerning him. One of the guests said a great deal to his praise, manifesting, at the same time, a strong apprehension that the King of S---n might not submit so quietly to the loss of the crown of P---l, and perhaps, reclaim it by force of arms. Another guest declared this to be a vain idea, maintaining that the new King was as firmly fixed on his throne as his picture opposite him on the wall : but no sooner had he pronounced these words, when the picture suddenly fell to the ground with a tremendous noise."

Here Alumbrado stopped. While we were standing around him in dumb astonishment, he eyed us with the firm look of a person who has related an incident of which he has been an eye witness. Astonishment and horror seized me, and I did not know what to say. The Duke recovered first from his surprise, asking him by what means he had got that intelligence.

gence. "I must beg you," Alumbrado replied in a low accent, "to suppress a question to which I can give no satisfactory answer. However," he added with emphasis, "you may rely on the truth of my intelligence."

He had not deceived us. On the sixth day after this extraordinary incident, letters from *li* arrived confirming the same event, and nine days after, it was reported in the foreign newspapers. It really happened on the same evening, and the same night when Alumbrado had informed us of it.

Being unexpectedly honoured by the new King with a commission that obliged me to leave the kingdom of P——l, soon after this extraordinary incident had happened, I was not at leisure to investigate the source of Alumbrado's prophecy; nor could I learn the Duke's opinion of it; my deluded friend beginning to grow very close and reserved in my presence. It grieved me to be obliged to leave him in Alumbrado's power, under such critical circumstances, I could however, not delay my departure. The Duke tore

himself from my embraces with weeping eyes, and promised to write frequently to me.

A week after my arrival at the place of my destination, I received a letter from my friend, which I am going to transcribe faithfully.

‘ I have had to-day a most important
‘ conversation with Alumbrado. The
‘ principal subject of it was the old con-
‘ cealed King of P——l, for whose resto-
‘ ration I had interested myself. “ Can
‘ you seriously believe——” Alumbrado
‘ said, “ that the person with whom you
‘ have conversed at the Hermitage, has
‘ really been the old King of P——l? It
‘ seems you did not even suspect that the
‘ introduction of the old man was a jug-
‘ gling farce, which was acted with a view
‘ similar to those of the other delusions of
‘ the Irishman? Although we should sup-
‘ pose that the King had not been killed
‘ in the field of battle, and that he himself
‘ had been the identical person who was
‘ confined at the castle of St. Lukar, which
‘ however, has not been proved, yet the
‘ whole

' whole affair would still bear a very suspi-
 ' cious aspect. Not to mention the great
 ' improbability of his escape from a well-
 ' guarded castle, where he was kept in
 ' close confinement, and of his having at-
 ' tained an age of 108 years notwithstand-
 ' ing the hardships he suffered in the field
 ' of battle, and in his prison.—I only beg
 ' you to consider who it was that intro-
 ' duced him to you as King of P——l? Was
 ' not the Irishman that person? At the
 ' same time, give me leave to recal to
 ' your recollection, that Count Clairval
 ' has confessed that the pretended King
 ' acted in concert with that impostor, and
 ' then tell me sincerely, what ground you
 ' have to believe such an improbability on
 ' the testimony of two cheats? Perhaps
 ' you will appeal to his great resemblance
 ' to the late King? But have not three
 ' persons before him pleaded similar marks
 ' as proofs of the identity of their per-
 ' son, and nevertheless been unmasked as
 ' impostors? My good Duke, on mature
 ' consideration it seems that the Irishman
 ' relied very much on your youth and the
 ' absence

‘ absence of your tutor, when he imposed
‘ upon you by that juggling trick.”

“ Ah ! what ideas do you recall to my
‘ memory ! (I exclaimed) that letter from
‘ the Queen and the answer of the Irish-
‘ man.—”

‘ Very right ! (Alumbrado interrupted
‘ me) these letters sufficiently prove, that
‘ you was considered as a young man who
‘ promised to be a fit instrument for exe-
‘ cuting their design. And it is no longer
‘ a secret what that design was, and in
‘ whose head it has been hatched out. The
‘ proud Duchess of B——za had a longing
‘ for the crown of P——l, and it was she
‘ who persuaded the Duke to form a plan
‘ of seizing it. Your assistance, my dear
‘ Duke, was wanted for attaining that aim,
‘ but the conspirators foresaw at the same
‘ time, that you would refuse it, your an-
‘ tipathy against your illustrious relation
‘ being no secret to them. For that rea-
‘ son they pretended that the Duke of
‘ B——a had no other view but to replace
‘ the old King on the throne of his ances-
‘ tors. It was necessary you should be
‘ made to believe that he was still alive
and

‘ and in safety ; for that purpose the her-
 ‘ mit was brought on the stage, and acted
 ‘ his part with no common skill.”

“ Damned complot !” I exclaimed, with
 ‘ rising indignation.” “ Compose yourself,
 ‘ my Lord,” Alumbrado resumed, “ your
 ‘ anger will now avail you very little.
 ‘ Take care not to manifest your indigna-
 ‘ tion too loudly, lest the new King might
 ‘ forget that you are his relation, and have
 ‘ assisted him to ascend the throne. You
 ‘ can do nothing else at present, but to
 ‘ submit humbly to his authority ; and I
 ‘ advise you at the same time not to neg-
 ‘ lect paying due regard to the Queen, for
 ‘ she rules the King and the empire. Do
 ‘ not expect that the present King will
 ‘ yield the sceptre he has usurped to any
 ‘ man living. If you don’t believe me,
 ‘ you may inquire of him after the old
 ‘ King, and he will tell you, that he has
 ‘ resigned the government to him, because
 ‘ he feels himself unequal to the arduous
 ‘ task of ruling a large kingdom, on ac-
 ‘ count of his advanced age, or perhaps
 ‘ that he is dead.”

‘ My

‘ My dear Marquis, what do you think
‘ of this? I fear Alumbrado is not mis-
‘ taken, and I am in a state of mind that
‘ would render it imprudent for me to
‘ appear at court; but as soon as the
‘ tempest that ruffles my mind shall be
‘ subdued, I will pay a visit to the new
‘ King in order to come to the bottom of
‘ the truth.’

‘ P. S. You will be so kind to con-
‘ tinue to direct your letters to Li^{re}bon,
‘ for neither I nor my father shall leave
‘ the town this summer.’

Before I could return an answer to this letter, I received a second, the contents of which were as follow :

‘ Will you believe, my friend, that
‘ I desired three times to have an au-
‘ dience, before my royal cousin conde-
‘ scended to admit me to his presence?
‘ This utter want of regard and gratitude
‘ re-kindled my indignation in such a
‘ manner, that I entered the royal apart-
‘ ment in a way that was not very conso-
‘ nant with the court etiquette. The
‘ King,

King, however, received me very courteously, pretending to be extremely sorry that the accumulated affairs of state had not allowed him to receive my visit sooner, declaring at the same time that he was very glad to see me. "I am come, (I replied) in order to tell you that I am surprised that the old King has not yet made his appearance, and released you from the heavy burden of state business."

"Don't you know that he is dead?"

The emotions that I felt at these words are beyond all description; and my astonishment, the paleness that overspread my face, and my silence, must have betrayed them to the King.

"At what are you astonished thus? not at the death of an old man of a hundred and eight years?"

"No," I replied after a pause, "but I am surprised that he died at so seasonable a period."

"Will you explain yourself more distinctly?"

"I think it is a very strange accident that the royal hermit should have entered

‘tered the kingdom of heaven, and left
‘your Majesty the terrestrial crown, just
‘when he was to show himself to the peo-
‘ple as their lawful king.”

“It was an accident.”

“And a very fortunate one for your
‘Majesty.”

“What do you call fortunate? My
‘family had a lawful claim to the crown
‘of P—t—l, and I have an additional
‘right to the possession of it because I
‘have torn it from the head of the usurper
‘at the risk of my life. I would, how-
‘ever, have resigned it cheerfully to my
‘grand uncle if his death had not de-
‘stroyed that plan. You are mistaken
‘if you think the lot of a King to be so
‘enviable. The burden of government
‘lies heavy on my shoulders.”

“O! there are means of alleviating
‘that load.”

“Of which I shall make as little use as
‘possible, for it will be the chief object
‘of my cares, and will afford me the
‘greatest pleasure to render my people
‘happy.”

“Who

“ Who could doubt it? Yet I think one ought to make the death of the deceased King publicly known.”

“ If we could but first convince the people that he has been alive lately. The profound incognito behind which he concealed himself, throws an insurmountable bar in our way. No one would believe us.”

“ Upon my honour, I almost disbelieve it myself any longer.”

“ You are right; one needs not to *believe* what one is convinced of, for you have seen him with your own eyes. If fate had suffered him to show himself in public, every one would have acknowledged him to have been the person that he really was, the old lawful King of P—t—l. Having, however, lived and died in obscurity, the whole matter may remain a secret, and that so much the more because the discovery would be intirely usefess. It is therefore my royal pleasure that no mention whatever be made of it. Farewell! (he added after a short pause) you will always find me your affectionate King.”

‘ Thus

‘ Thus ended my audience. Do not
‘ desire me, my friend, to disclose to you
‘ the ideas and sensations which it pro-
‘ duced within me. I shall endeavour to
‘ obliterate even the recollection of that
‘ scene.

‘ Alumbrado is very much displeased
‘ with the manner in which I have spoken
‘ to the King. “Do you imagine,” said he,
‘ that his offended pride ever will forgive
‘ you the torments of that self-denial
‘ which the patience he has opposed to
‘ your galling language has cost him? The
‘ sacrifice which he has made to his policy
‘ by that painful forbearance, will cer-
‘ tainly cost you dear. Henceforward,
‘ you must renounce every hope of being
‘ promoted; for he will be careful to
‘ keep in submission, and at a proper dis-
‘ tance, a man of spirit, as you must have
‘ appeared to him. This is perhaps the
‘ least misfortune that threatens you;
‘ your warmth, your ill-timed frankness,
‘ may produce consequences of a more
‘ serious nature. Alas! why have you
‘ not been on your guard? Have I not
‘ advised

“ advised you to appear with humility in his presence ?”

“ Alumbrado had certainly the most friendly view in reprimanding me thus ; he did not know that every word of his wounded my heart like a two-edged dagger.

“ I have been interrupted by the visit of a Prelate of very high rank. He came to inform my father and myself, that the Vice-Queen of P—t—l had been imprisoned by the order of the King, because she has had the imprudence to declare that the new King had usurped the throne in a fraudulent manner, and that it was the duty of every inhabitant of P—t—l to acknowledge only the King of Sp—n as his lawful sovereign, because the voluntary oath of allegiance the P—t—se had sworn to the latter, could not be made void by that which the Duke of B——a had obtained by artifice and force. “ I cannot conceive,” the Prelate added, “ what reasonable objection can be alledged against this declaration ; but nevertheless,

“ less,

‘ less, no one dares to affirm it, for fear of
‘ sharing the fate of the Vice-Queen.”

‘ The Vice-Queen and the Prelate, ap-
‘ pear to me to be in the right. How-
‘ ever, what can be done? Farewell, my
‘ friend, and let it not be long before you
‘ favour me with an answer.

‘ P. S. This very moment I received
‘ an answer to a letter I had wrote to a
‘ friend near the place where the hermit
‘ lived. He informs me that the old man
‘ expired four months since, worn out
‘ with age.’

I suspected already from the first letter, but more so from the second, that the Duke was in danger of taking a course from which he could not return too soon. I imagined I had discovered the design which Alumbrado had formed upon him, and shuddered at the idea that he might carry his point. Yet my suspicion against Alumbrado was still a mere supposition, which gave me no right to accuse him. After mature consideration I thought, however, it would be best to deliver the Duke, against whom his plan appeared to
be

be chiefly directed, from his clutches, and thus expected to gain two advantages by one stroke: not only to cut the sinews of Alumbrado's undertaking afunder, but also to guard the Duke against the snare which was laid for him.

With that view I wrote to the latter:

‘ Your letters have been very important to me; I must, however, beg you to fetch my answer yourself. Don’t refuse my request, and hasten to the arms of your friend, whose happiness in a place on which nature seems to have lavished all her blessings, would be complete if you were present. Here we will discuss the political concerns which give you so much uneasiness, for I have more than one reason for not doing it by way of letter, and my affairs threaten to detain me here some time longer. The journey will not only improve your health, but it will also ease your mind, which is bent down at present by a gloomy sameness of ideas, and very much wants amusement and diversion. I am convinced that your melancholy
‘ will

' will not pursue you to the paradise that
 ' blossoms here. And if only your
 ' gloominess of mind shall have left you,
 ' you will view things that now appear to
 ' you in a frightful shape, in a more
 ' pleasing light. At the same time you
 ' may expect that the commission the King
 ' has charged me with, will enable me to
 ' explain to you many political objects
 ' which I dare not do in writing. Come,
 ' my friend, you certainly will not regret
 ' your having undertaken this journey.
 ' &c. &c. &c.'

My letter produced the desired effect. The Duke returned me a very affectionate answer, and promised to begin the journey in a fortnight. How joyfully and impatiently did my heart pant for his arrival! but I was disappointed. He did not come, but sent me a letter, which I am going to communicate to the reader.

' Why am I not yet arrived?—Ask
 ' Heaven that question, but not me, for
 ' I have done every thing in my power
 ' to

' to fulfil my promise. In spite of Alum-
 ' brado's remonstrances, I went on board
 ' of the ship that was to convey me to
 ' my friend. A favourable breeze that
 ' swelled our sails, enlivened my hopes of
 ' embracing you soon. Evening set in,
 ' and the wind and the sky continued to be
 ' propitious. The second and the third
 ' night stole upon us amid the same fa-
 ' vourable auspices.

' I do not know how it happened, that
 ' on the third night the recollection of my
 ' fainted Amelia awoke within my mind
 ' with additional vivacity. It was not,
 ' however, associated with painful, but
 ' with bitter-sweet sensations, which fre-
 ' quently afford to feeling minds a more
 ' delicious pleasure than joys unmixed. I
 ' proceeded insensibly from sensations to
 ' the realms of fancy. I looked at the
 ' star of love, and imagined I beheld
 ' Amelia's fainted spirit enthroned in its
 ' silver lustre. My soul soared above the
 ' immense space that separated us, and
 ' anticipated the bliss of the celestial spi-
 ' rits.—O! why has she so soon been ren-
 ' dered sensible of the limits of her power,

‘ which obliged her to return to our sub-
‘ lunar globe ?

‘ I felt a faintness which invited me to
‘ rest, and having bid adieu to the starry
‘ firmament and the ocean, I went to my
‘ cabin, where the solacing hand of sleep
‘ soon closed my eyes.

‘ I awoke an hour before the dawn of
‘ morn. Finding myself entirely refresh-
‘ ed, I left my couch and returned on
‘ deck, in order to hail the stars once
‘ more, before they should be dispelled
‘ by the majestic king of day. But what
‘ a scene did my gazing eyes behold !—
‘ The firmament appeared no longer to
‘ be over us, but we seemed to ride upon
‘ it. I did not know whether I was
‘ dreaming or awake, rubbing my eyes
‘ repeatedly. In vain, the scene re-
‘ maind unaltered : intense darkness co-
‘ vered the sky, all its stars and galaxies
‘ appeared to be on the water.

‘ O nature ! thy grateful son never will
‘ forget the enjoyment which this unde-
‘ scribable spectacle has afforded him !—
‘ I gazed a long time in silent wonder at
‘ the illuminated surface of the ocean, be-
‘ fore

' fore I could examine the individual
 ' beauties of that grand scene. Whither-
 ' soever I directed my gazing looks, I be-
 ' held fiery streaks. However, all parts
 ' were not equally illuminated; some
 ' spots emitted quick flashes of light, while
 ' others continued some minutes to
 ' sparkle. The separated water gushed
 ' before us in luminous streams, and the
 ' furrow which the vessel drew formed a
 ' white bright streak behind us, which
 ' was interspersed with sky-blue spots.
 ' The multifarious and dazzling light was
 ' skipping on the curling waves; the spume
 ' which the little bubbles produced on the
 ' surface of the water, glittered like sil-
 ' ver-coloured snow. I could have
 ' plunged in the watery abyss in order to
 ' sink down in that heaven.

' The rising sun put a stop to that en-
 ' chantment. My fellow travellers began
 ' to stir. I hastened to tell them what a
 ' scene they had missed. A reverend old
 ' man, who was present when I related
 ' what I had seen, smiled. "One can
 ' see," said he, "that this is your first
 ' voyage; this phenomenon is nothing

‘ uncommon in all seasons, and particu-
‘ larly in warmer climes; nevertheless
‘ the naturalists still differ in their opi-
‘ nion of its cause, some believing that it
‘ proceeds from small luminous insects,
‘ and others from an oily substance that
‘ separates from rotten animal bodies.—
‘ Many pretend this phenomenon to be
‘ the forerunner of an impending tempest,
‘ but this is false.”

‘ The old man may not have been mis-
‘ taken, yet this time he was refuted by
‘ experience. The little clouds which
‘ were swimming singly in the sky, united
‘ by degrees and overdarkened the sun.
‘ A black tempest began to gather in the
‘ north. The crew were just going to
‘ prepare against the storm, when sud-
‘ denly a violent gale of wind arose, and
‘ hurried the vessel with incredible rapi-
‘ dity over the ruffled surface of the sea.
‘ We lost one of our anchors, which fell
‘ from the deck with a thundering noise.
‘ Some loud peals of thunder gave the
‘ signal for the breaking out of the storm.
‘ The light of day disappeared, the bil-
‘ lows of the swelling sea were rolling one
‘ upon

‘ upon another with a roaring noise ; the
 ‘ dreadful flashes of lightning seemed to
 ‘ dye the surface of the ocean with blood,
 ‘ and each clap of thunder threatened to
 ‘ shiver the mast to atoms. The foaming
 ‘ of the waves, the rolling of thunder, and
 ‘ the howling of the winds, seemed to
 ‘ announce to that part of the world the
 ‘ return of old chaos.

‘ The strong flashes of lightning made
 ‘ us suddenly observe that land was near.
 ‘ How welcome soever such a discovery is
 ‘ in fair weather, yet it was to us the most
 ‘ dreadful incident that could have hap-
 ‘ pened, on account of our imminent dan-
 ‘ ger of being wrecked. Our cables
 ‘ seemed not to be able to resist long the
 ‘ fury of the winds and waves which af-
 ‘ failed the vessel.

‘ All these circumstances contributed to
 ‘ recall to my mind the recollection of a
 ‘ similar incident which had robbed me
 ‘ of my Amelia. The wounds of my
 ‘ heart began to bleed afresh, and the
 ‘ melancholy sensations which assailed my
 ‘ mind, deprived me of the power that I,
 ‘ otherwise, should have opposed to the

‘ terrors which furrounded me. My
‘ heart beat violently against my breast,
‘ and nothing but my ambition could have
‘ prevented me from joining those who
‘ groaned and lamented loudly, wringing
‘ their hands and tearing their hair.

‘ I stood on deck a prey to speechless
‘ agony, when suddenly somebody tapped
‘ me on the shoulder. Conceive my
‘ astonishment when, on turning round, I
‘ saw Alumbrado standing behind me. I
‘ staggered back as if a midnight spectre
‘ had taken hold of me with icy hands.—
‘ Terror and surprise deprived me of the
‘ power of utterance, and suspended every
‘ motion of my limbs. He had made the
‘ voyage without my knowledge, and
‘ found means to keep himself concealed
‘ from me; you may therefore imagine,
‘ how violently I was affected by the sud-
‘ den appearance of that man, whom I
‘ fancied to be at Lif*on.

“ Are you not sorry now, that you
‘ have slighted my advice?” Alumbrado
‘ said, “ it seems you will not see your
‘ friend in this world.” Some minutes
‘ passed before I was able to reply. “ Let
‘ us

‘ us now enjoy in silence the grandest
‘ spectacle that nature can afford !” So
‘ saying, he looked with tranquillity at
‘ the foaming ocean, as if he had been
‘ standing on the sheltering shore, far
‘ distant from the danger that surrounded
‘ us from all sides. His eyes beheld with
‘ inconceivable serenity the wild commo-
‘ tion of the waves, which now raised the
‘ vessel to the flaming clouds, and now
‘ hurled it into the gaping abyss of the
‘ boiling sea. The firm tranquillity which
‘ Alumbrado’s countenance bespoke, in
‘ spite of the furious combat of the ele-
‘ ments, the impending destruction of the
‘ ship, and the doleful lamentations of the
‘ desponding crew, appeared to me to de-
‘ note more than human courage. I
‘ gazed with secret awe at a being that
‘ seemed to be delighted with a spectacle,
‘ which made every hair of my head rise
‘ like bristles.

‘ At length the flashes of lightning grew
‘ fainter, the roaring of the thunder less
‘ violent, and the fury of the winds seemed
‘ to be exhausted ; but the sea continued
‘ to be agitated in so dreadful a manner,

‘ that we apprehended the cables would
‘ not be able to stand the motion of the
‘ ship any longer. In vain did we im-
‘ plore human assistance by the discharge of
‘ our guns, the towering waves threaten-
‘ ing destruction to the boats that at-
‘ tempted to come to our relief.

“ In vain will human force endea-
‘ vour to wage the unequal contest against
‘ all-powerful nature !” I exclaimed when
‘ I beheld that desponding sight. Alum-
‘ brado turned round. “ I will tame the
‘ fury of these foaming waves, if you will
‘ promise to return to Lis*on !” I gazed
‘ at him in speechless astonishment. “ I
‘ am in earnest,” he resumed, “ will you
‘ return to Lis*on ?” If I will ?” I re-
‘ plied, “ If I will ? how can you ask
‘ me that question ? enable me to do it !”
‘ Alumbrado left me without returning
‘ an answer.

‘ A few minutes after he returned.—
“ You will, presently, behold a miracle,”
‘ he said, “ but I must request you to tell
‘ nobody the author of it.”

‘ I promised it, and the miracle ensued.
‘ The rolling foaming sea grew calm and
‘ smooth.

‘ smooth. We went on shore, and found
‘ ourselves not farther than a day’s jour-
‘ ney from Lif*on.

‘ You see, my friend, that a higher
‘ power, against which opposition would
‘ have been useless, has put a stop to my
‘ voyage. I have related the history of
‘ it without making any comments, and
‘ leave it to your own judgment to form a
‘ just opinion of it. As for me, I am
‘ convinced that I have at length found
‘ the man whom my boding soul has long
‘ been in search of.’

This letter astonished me to the highest degree, and, at the same time, augmented my apprehensions very much. In my answer I declared neither for nor against Alumbrado’s supernatural power, because I neither chose to confirm the Duke in his belief in it, nor to risk losing his confidence; for how could I have expected to receive farther intelligence of his connection with Alumbrado, if I had been deprived of the latter? and yet it was of the utmost importance to me to learn every transaction of that designing man.

Notwithstanding this precaution, near a month elapsed without my having received an answer to my letter. I wrote a second time to him, but before his answer could reach me, was ordered by the King to return instantly, and to make an oral report of the issue of my commission. I was, therefore, obliged to depart without being able to wait the arrival of his letter.

I anticipated the pleasure of surprising him by my unexpected arrival, and went to his palace as soon as I arrived at Lif*on. He rather seemed surprised than pleased at the unexpected sight of me, asking with a kind of anxiety, whether I had received his last letter. When I answered in the negative he seemed to grow more easy, but adding, some time after, that it would be sent after me without delay, his brow began again to be overclouded. I was not much pleased with this behaviour, and begged him to relate to me the sequel of Alumbrado's history, but he desired me to await the arrival of his letter, in which I should find a circumstantial account of it. In vain did I conjure him by the ties of our friendship

ship

' point out to you *reason* as the only in-
 ' fallible instructor and guide, at the ex-
 ' pence of faith, and at the same time
 ' strove to confound that very reason by
 ' artful and fallacious conclusions, as the
 ' Marquis of F* has demonstrated in a
 ' masterly manner. The Irishman was
 ' very careful not to make you reflect on
 ' the limits of reason and the power of
 ' men, because a genius like you would
 ' easily have concluded how much we
 ' are in want of divine illumination and
 ' grace; and it was his chief aim to re-
 ' move the light of religion, because his
 ' works required being covered by delu-
 ' sive mists. You will never have seen
 ' him frequent the church, nor perform
 ' religious rites, will never have heard
 ' him pronounce certain sacred names.
 ' I know that sort of people, who are so
 ' much the more dangerous, the more
 ' they are skilled in concealing their real
 ' shape behind deceiving masks. The
 ' spreading libertinism, and the furious
 ' rage of explaining every thing natu-
 ' rally, threatens indeed to suspend the
 ' belief in the existence, nay even in the
 ' possi-

‘ bility of miracles and forcery, however
‘ they have not ceased notwithstanding
‘ that. The opinions of men may alter,
‘ but things will remain as they are.
‘ The same Omnipotence that in times of
‘ old has led the Israelites through the
‘ red sea, manifests itself still in our days
‘ through signs and miracles, although they
‘ are not acknowledged as such by the
‘ blind multitude. The same reprobated
‘ spirit that spoke formerly through the
‘ oracle of Delphos, and by whose assist-
‘ ance Simon the magician performed
‘ extraordinary feats, is still active in our
‘ present times. Is it, therefore, impro-
‘ bable that men who by their superior
‘ sanctity rise above the generality, and
‘ connect themselves more intimately with
‘ the Godhead, should resemble the Su-
‘ preme Being in power, and enjoy an
‘ immediate influence of the Ruler of the
‘ world? Is it so very incomprehensible
‘ that the spirit of darkness should favour
‘ those who resemble him in wickedness,
‘ and endow their inclination of perpe-
‘ trating wicked deeds with a physical
‘ power of executing their diabolical de-
‘ signs?

‘ signs? People of either description
 ‘ will, indeed, always rarely be met with;
 ‘ superstition will mistake as such many
 ‘ who do not belong to that class, yet
 ‘ who can prove that they do not exist
 ‘ at all? I am, certainly, no enemy to
 ‘ reason, however I conceive it to be not
 ‘ less absurd obstinately to reject what-
 ‘ ever is miraculous, than to believe it
 ‘ blindly. I esteem reason while it does
 ‘ not overstep the limits to which it is
 ‘ confined, as the Marquis of F* has
 ‘ justly observed, nor attempts to expel
 ‘ faith. There are supernatural things,
 ‘ sacred truths, which the former never
 ‘ can comprehend, being reserved only
 ‘ for the latter. Faith is hailed by noon-
 ‘ tide light, even where reason finds no-
 ‘ thing but midnight darkness. While
 ‘ the latter proceeds slowly, and with un-
 ‘ certain steps, through a mazy labyrinth
 ‘ of conclusions and arguments, the for-
 ‘ mer enjoys a clear immediate sight of
 ‘ truth, and experiences all the strength
 ‘ of its evidence. The period is however
 ‘ arrived, when men begin to abandon
 ‘ themselves exclusively to the cold spe-
 ‘ culations

‘culations of reason, and this fatal maxim
‘manifests itself but too evidently in the
‘practical life. Rarely any thing is un-
‘dertaken before it is pondered and
‘weighed most anxiously with a pusillani-
‘mous minuteness. And this is one of
‘the chief causes of the present scarcity
‘of great and striking actions. The sa-
‘cred flame of enthusiasm extinguishes,
‘and every energy of soul dies away
‘along with it. While reason wastes her
‘whole strength in barren speculations,
‘the demands and wants of our heart re-
‘main unsatisfied, a kind of insensibility
‘steals upon us, the mind grows pusilla-
‘nimous, and all noble passions are sus-
‘sided. No, no! this is no age in
‘which great geniuses can thrive! Rea-
‘soning has produced but very few im-
‘mortal deeds; faith, however, although
‘it should have been only the faith of
‘man in his natural abilities, has fre-
‘quently rendered impossible possible.—
‘If so, what miracles will faith in the as-
‘sistance of an omnipotent being be able
‘to perform? The first King of Portu-
‘gal has given us the most glorious proof
‘of

‘ of the truth of this assertion : he went,
 ‘ as you know from history, with four
 ‘ thousand men against the infidels, and
 ‘ was opposed by five kings with four
 ‘ hundred thousand Moors. Terror and
 ‘ dismay seized his little army at this
 ‘ fight ; however, the celebrated apparition
 ‘ through which God promised him
 ‘ the victory over his enemies, revived
 ‘ the broken spirit of his troops. And
 ‘ what else but faith in this promise could
 ‘ have made him risk and gain a battle,
 ‘ in which *one* man had to encounter an
 ‘ hundred ?”

‘ My dear Marquis, I have been interrupted again by the visit of a great prelate, and, with your permission, shall
 ‘ communicate to you the substance of
 ‘ what he has told me. The Jews (he
 ‘ said) have, as you will know, offered
 ‘ to the new Regent, on his accession to
 ‘ the throne, to pay a great sum of money
 ‘ to him, if he would grant them liberty
 ‘ to live and to trade in the country
 ‘ as external Christians, without being
 ‘ persecuted by the Inquisition.—It would
 ‘ have been highly advantageous to religion

‘ gion, if this liberty had been granted to
‘ the Jews; for although they should
‘ have visited the Christian churches at
‘ first only for form’s sake, and observed
‘ only the external rites of worship, yet
‘ many would have been edified, and
‘ convinced of the truth of Christi-
‘ anity so irresistibly, that they would
‘ have seriously embraced the Christian
‘ religion. The Inquisitors themselves
‘ have intimated this to the King. How-
‘ ever the ——, I do not know how to
‘ call him, who cares little for the pro-
‘ pagation of faith, has refused to grant
‘ this petition of the Jews. The Inqui-
‘ sition has informed the Pope of it; and
‘ the holy father, who as yet has refused
‘ to acknowledge his royal authority, will
‘ now have an additional reason for not
‘ confirming the usurped dignity of a free
‘ thinker, who injures the interest of the
‘ church whenever opportunity offers.
‘ I have, however, great reason to sus-
‘ pect that our new King foment these
‘ dissensions designedly, for some horrid
‘ purpose. Not contented with having
‘ alienated the nation from their lawful
‘ Sove-

‘ Sovereign, he also endeavours to obtain
‘ an opportunity of alienating them from
‘ the chief of the church. O Marquis!
‘ O Duke! what gloomy prospects for
‘ all those who are resolved to live and
‘ to die in the religion of their ancestors.
‘

“ Stop,” the Marquis exclaimed, “ he
‘ shall not dare to carry matters to that
‘ point; by heaven, he shall not.” My
‘ father had not yet ceased giving vent to
‘ his indignation, when the other prelate,
‘ whom I mentioned in my last letter,
‘ joined us. The two prelates were re-
‘ joiced to see each other, and concealed
‘ their sentiments so little from each other,
‘ that they both avowed their opinions of
‘ the new King without the least reserve.
‘ I cannot conceive how you,” said he, who
‘ had joined us, turning to my father and
‘ me, “ who are sprung from royal blood,
‘ can submit to the humiliation of obey-
‘ ing a usurper, who will do every thing
‘ in his power to humble your family as
‘ much as possible. Don’t you perceive
‘ that he confers the highest dignities on
‘ other people, while he, out of a cow-
ardly

‘ ardly policy, keeps his nearest relations
‘ at a distance, and in profound submis-
‘ sion? The King of Sp---n knows your
‘ merits, and is capable of rewarding
‘ them properly. Who would not rather
‘ hold an important office under the
‘ greatest Monarch, than live in inac-
‘ tivity and obscurity, under the most in-
‘ significant King in Europe? These are
‘ the sentiments of many nobles who are
‘ still firmly attached to their old lawful
‘ Sovereign.”

‘ Dear Marquis, my heart is deeply
‘ afflicted, and strange ideas are crossing
‘ my head. What must I do? Alum-
‘ brado says, nothing, but commit every
‘ thing to the paternal care of God.

‘ To day I received your letter, in
‘ which you reproach me for my long
‘ silence. I am, however, not sorry that
‘ my letter, which I wanted to send eight
‘ days ago, has been kept back through
‘ negligence, for now I shall be able to
‘ conclude it with the relation of a most
‘ extraordinary incident.

‘ I used for some time to visit every
‘ evening our favourite spot before the

town, which always attracted me very
 much, partly by its natural charms, and
 partly by the undisturbed solitude one
 enjoys there. On the left side, a chain
 of hills, that form a beautiful group; on
 the right, a wood, inclosing the exten-
 sive plain, and in the middle the prof-
 ect of the distant blue mountains——
 You know what an enchanting effect
 that spot produces, particularly at sun-
 set; and thither I took a walk every
 evening. The way to that charming
 place is decorated with the ruins of an
 old chapel, which partly is surrounded
 with a half decayed wall. Approach-
 ing those ruins last evening, I saw
 Alumbrado step forth with hasty paces.
 “Stop!” he exclaimed, “Do you know
 that you will be a dead man if you pro-
 ceed a step farther?” Alumbrado’s un-
 expected appearance, his intelligence,
 and the seriousness of his countenance
 convulsed my nerves. “A dead man?”
 I exclaimed. “Yes!” said he, “did
 I not foretell you that the King would
 vent his resentment against you? If you
 go fifty steps farther, you will bleed
 under

‘ under the hands of his banditti. You
‘ stare at me,” he continued. “ If you
‘ wish to be convinced of it, then follow
‘ me into the chapel, and let us change
‘ cloaths ; I shall pursue this path, wrapt
‘ in your cloak, and the hired assassins
‘ will fall upon me, under the mistaken
‘ notion that I am the person whom they
‘ have been ordered by the King to as-
‘ sassinate. If you will ascend to the top
‘ of this turret, you may witness the
‘ whole scene.” I shuddered with hor-
‘ ror, and peremptorily refused to submit
‘ to it.” “ You need not to be under the
‘ least apprehension for my life,” he re-
‘ plied. “ All that I desire of you is to
‘ make no noise when you see me fall,
‘ but to go quietly home without mention-
‘ ing to any one what you will have seen.
‘ We shall meet again at your house.”
‘ All my objections availed nothing ; we
‘ exchanged our dress, he saw me to the
‘ top of the turret, and left me. I pur-
‘ sued him with anxious looks and a beat-
‘ ing heart.

‘ Alumbrado had scarcely reached the
‘ skirts of the wood, when I heard the

‘ report of a pistol, and saw him drop
‘ down, upon which three ruffians darted
‘ forth from the bushes, gave him some
‘ stabs, and carried him into the wood.
‘ I staggered down the narrow stair-case
‘ by which I had ascended the turret, and
‘ went home, thrilled with emotions that
‘ surpass all power of description. I sat
‘ up till after midnight, but no Alum-
‘ brado came; however, at six o’clock
‘ he entered my apartment. I cannot de-
‘ scribe what I felt on seeing him. He
‘ was unhurt, but nevertheless I stag-
‘ gered back at the sight of him. “ Alum-
‘ brado!” said I, after a pause of dumb
‘ astonishment, “ do I really see you
‘ alive after the scene my eyes have wit-
‘ nessed last night?” “ Pistols and dag-
‘ gers,” he replied, “ cannot hurt the
‘ man who is under the immediate pro-
‘ tection of God. Come,” added he,
‘ “ let us go to your father.”

‘ I related to my parent the incident of
‘ the preceding night. He seemed to be
‘ petrified. The cruel villainy of the
‘ King, and the supernatural power of
‘ Alumbrado, appeared to have carried

‘ him beyond himself; the thanks which
‘ he wanted to offer to the latter for the
‘ preservation of my life, and curses
‘ against the King, hovered at the same
‘ time on his lips; but he could not
‘ speak.

“ Let us take a walk in the garden,”
‘ Alumbrado said. We went; but I shall
‘ not repeat the conversation that took
‘ place. Yet I do not think that Alum-
‘ brado has added fuel to the fire. “ The
‘ Duke of B—a,” said he, “ is King,
‘ and accountable to no other tribunal
‘ but that of God. No mortal dare lift
‘ up his hand against him without the ex-
‘ press command of God or his Vice-
‘ gerent. I have received no such or-
‘ der, and I think you neither. All that
‘ you can do is to be on your guard against
‘ the King, and to mention to no one
‘ the villainous transaction of last night.
‘ Will you promise this? Your own
‘ safety requires it.” We promised it.

‘ I could not help manifesting my
‘ astonishment at Alumbrado’s wonderful
‘ preservation. “ Do you then think,”
‘ said he, “ that only those who are
‘ leagued

' leagued with the spirit of darknefs are
 ' proof againft fire-arms and fwords, and
 ' that the children of light do not enjoy
 ' that privilege? I will give you a
 ' proof of it; fend for a gun and balls,
 ' here is powder." So faying, he pro-
 ' duced the powder horn which I had
 ' miffed fome days. " You have," added
 ' he, " either loft it or it has been ftolen,
 ' for I have found it in the hands of the
 ' banditti." " What are you going to do
 ' with balls and a gun?" My father asked
 ' with marks of aftonifhment. " That
 ' you fhall fee instantly," Alumbrado re-
 ' plied, " if you only will fend for both."
 ' I ordered Pietro to fetch my fowling
 ' piece and a couple of balls out of my
 ' apartment. He returned with them,
 ' and Alumbrado whifpered in my ear to
 ' fend him out of the room. Having dif-
 ' miffed the fervant, Alumbrado begged
 ' me to charge the gun, but previoufly to
 ' examine carefully the powder and the
 ' balls. I did as he had defired me, and
 ' the gun being charged, Alumbrado faid
 ' to the Marquis: " Now take the gun,
 ' my Lord, and fire it at me." My father

“ was almost petrified at this request, and
“ having gazed at him a good while, with
“ looks of astonishment, exclaimed:
“ No! I never shall do any thing of that
“ kind!”—Then you too are destitute of
“ faith?” Alumbrado said, looking up to
“ heaven. “ O God, how degenerated
“ are even the faithful adorers of thy
“ son!” “ I have declined it out of no
“ other motive,” the Marquis replied,
“ but because I will not tempt the omni-
“ potence of God.” “ The motive of
“ my request is not temptation, but the
“ glory of God,” Alumbrado replied.
“ If I fall, then I am a daring provoker
“ of the Almighty, and deserve my fate;
“ but if I remain unhurt, you will have
“ reason to conclude that the power of
“ God has warded off the ball, and know
“ in what light to view me.” So saying,
“ he uncovered his breast, retreated three
“ steps, and desired my father to fire.

“ My father took up the piece, level-
“ ling it at him with a trembling and fear-
“ ful hand. “ I beg you will not spare
“ me, and insist upon your aiming at my
“ head or heart!” The Marquis took
“ his

‘ his aim, but trembled so violently that
‘ he was obliged to lay down the gun.
‘ Alumbrado desired me to step nearer,
‘ and putting my hand to his bare breast,
‘ said: “ Feel whether this heart beats so
‘ timorously as that of your father.” These
‘ words provoked the pride of the Mar-
‘ quis, he ordered me to step aside,
‘ levelled his piece and discharged it.
‘ A cloud of smোক concealed Alum-
‘ brado’s situation for a moment from our
‘ eyes. It is impossible to depict the
‘ sensations that rushed upon my heart,
‘ when I beheld him in his former situa-
‘ tion, and heard him exclaim: “ You
‘ have aimed well, my Lord, however,
‘ the ball has recoiled from my breast,
‘ there it lies on the floor.” My father
‘ sunk on his knees and lifted his hands to
‘ heaven as if praying, and I gazed at
‘ Alumbrado with silent awe.

“ Duke!” said the latter, “ charge the
‘ gun once more.” The Marquis started
‘ up, exclaiming: “ For what purpose?”
“ I want your son to repeat the deed.”—
“ No, there is no occasion for it;” my fa-
‘ ther replied, “ the omnipotence of the

‘ Eternal has been glorified sufficiently.’
‘ Just now,” Alumbrado returned, “ you
‘ have been of too little faith, and now
‘ you are too credulous? Is it impossible
‘ that you should have missed your aim?
‘ That the ball accidentally has hit ano-
‘ ther object and recoiled? But although
‘ you should be convinced that you have
‘ aimed well and hit me, is the Duke so
‘ too?”

‘ In short, I was obliged to charge
‘ the piece again, and Alumbrado ex-
‘ posed his uncovered bosom once more.

‘ I could rely on my gun, and was sure
‘ not to miss him, because he was standing
‘ only seven paces distant from me. I
‘ pointed at Alumbrado’s head, took my
‘ aim well, and fired; however, he step-
‘ ped forth from the cloud of smoke like
‘ a being of a superior order; the ball lay
‘ on the floor, and Alumbrado had not
‘ received the least hurt.

‘ He now took a dagger out of his pocket,
‘ and plunged it twice in his breast, up
‘ to the hilt, extracting it without a wound
‘ being seen.

‘ O my

‘ O my friend, make haste to recant at
 ‘ the feet of this astonishing man the pre-
 ‘ judices which you have uttered against
 ‘ him. Blush at your philosophy, where-
 ‘ by you have combated so frequently
 ‘ my propensity to supernatural events.
 ‘ I have always had a presentiment that
 ‘ this irresistible propensity would be gra-
 ‘ tified one time ; yet I was a stranger to
 ‘ the road which led to the object of my
 ‘ most ardent wishes. Alumbrado has
 ‘ pointed it out to me, and a new epocha
 ‘ of my life has commenced with that pe-
 ‘ riod. How little, and how disgusting
 ‘ and vain does now all the wisdom and
 ‘ all the tinsel splendor of the world ap-
 ‘ pear to me, since I have been made ac-
 ‘ quainted with that higher good, which
 ‘ is concealed from, and inaccessible to
 ‘ the greatest part of human kind.’

‘ P. S. On reading my letter over,
 ‘ I find a few passages in it, which would
 ‘ determine me not to send it on account
 ‘ of the great watchfulness with which all
 ‘ letters are examined by order of the
 ‘ King, if I had not been assured that

those which are directed to you are exempted from examination.

Having perused this letter of the Duke of Ca*ina, I did not know whether I should hasten first to him, to his father, or to Alumbrado. I ordered instantly my carriage to be got ready ; but when I was going to step out of the house, my valet stopped me, pale and panting for breath. “ My Lord,” he stammered, “ Coming—I have”—“ Well, what is the matter ?”—“ It is almost incredible,” he resumed, “ it is rumoured all over the town—” Here he stopped again. His consternation communicated itself to me, and I exclaimed in a trembling accent, “ For heaven’s sake ! what has happened ?”—“ It is reported that the Marquis of Villa R*al and his son—but don’t be terrified, my Lord !”—“ What ?” I replied, “ Are you—” I could not proceed, my lips being sealed with terror—“ It is rumoured that the Duke of Ca*ina and his father have been taken up on an accusation of having conspired against the life of the King.”

These words curdled the blood in my
veins,

veins, and I was ready to drop to the ground; however, despair soon roused me from the stupor that had seized me. I got in my carriage in order to enquire personally into the truth of that dreadful intelligence. Coming in the street I observed a universal commotion, and received, but too soon, a confirmation of my valet's intelligence; being informed, at the same time, that forty-five persons more had been arrested along with the Duke and his father. The multitude were assembled before the royal palace, demanding with a furious clamour, that the traitors should be delivered up to them; the king however thanked them for their zeal, and ordered the constable to disperse the populace.

My astonishment, my agony and consternation, and an indisposition which had been brought on by the violent agitation of my mind, prevented me from recollecting that this was the very day on which I was to expect the friend, of whose intended visit I had been apprised by that letter from an unknown person. The succeeding day I happened to see that letter

N 5

accidentally

accidentally on my writing-desk, and the friend to whom I was to deliver it, not having made his appearance at the fixed hour, I made use of the liberty I had received to open it.

Conceive my astonishment when I saw the hand-writing of the Duke of Ca*ina. ‘When you shall read these lines,’ he wrote, ‘the great deed will be performed, and P——l reduced again under the S——th dominion. Forgive me, for having this time deceived your confidence, and believe me, that nothing but your connection with the new King could have prevented me from communicating the matter to you before our design is carried into execution. For that reason only I have had recourse to art, and wrote this letter which will inform you of the whole transaction, but is to be opened only when it will be impossible to put a stop to our undertaking.

‘Not only my father and myself, but also those two prelates whom I have mentioned in my letters, and a great number of noblemen agreed after several conversations to force the usurper
‘to

‘ to restore the crown of P——l to the
 ‘ King of S——n; yet this design appear-
 ‘ ed to be so dangerous, that neither the
 ‘ Marquis nor myself would engage in it
 ‘ before we had the consent of Alum-
 ‘ brado. We pressed him, therefore, one
 ‘ evening to grant us his permission and
 ‘ assistance. He hesitated a long while,
 ‘ and at length replied, “ Well! I will
 ‘ oppose you no longer, but I declare so-
 ‘ lemnly that I will not afford you the
 ‘ least assistance in your design against the
 ‘ King before I shall be convinced that it
 ‘ is the will of God, which we can learn
 ‘ by no other means but prayer. The
 ‘ spirit of God inspires those that are
 ‘ praying to him with sincerity of heart,
 ‘ and the sentiments which prevail in our
 ‘ soul in that situation are the voice of
 ‘ God. Let us devote this night to prayer,
 ‘ address the Omniscient separately, and
 ‘ to-morrow morning communicate to each
 ‘ other what the Lord shall reveal to us.
 ‘ If you shall continue firm in your reso-
 ‘ lution after you have performed your
 ‘ devotion, then it is the will of the
 ‘ Eternal, and we will go to work.”

‘ I had, for a long time, entertained the
‘ wish of spending a night in a church,
‘ imagining that this would afford me a
‘ pleasure of a most singular nature. I
‘ resolved, therefore, to execute Alum-
‘ brado’s proposal, and, at the same time,
‘ to gratify this darling wish of my heart.
‘ With that view, I concealed myself one
‘ evening in the cathedral. The first idea
‘ which forced itself upon my mind, as
‘ soon as I was left alone in that sacred
‘ place, was that of the immediate pre-
‘ sence of the Eternal, and this notion
‘ filled me with solemn awe. I went to
‘ the altar, throwing myself on my face
‘ upon the steps of it, and adoring the
‘ omnipresent God with ardent fervour. I
‘ soared beyond the limits of materiality,
‘ transported by devotion, and my soul
‘ and every sense was hurried along by
‘ the torrent of holy enthusiasm. I prayed
‘ with filial submission for filial illumina-
‘ tion and heavenly aid.

‘ The clock on the church steeple tolled
‘ eleven, when I recovered from my pious
‘ trance. The church was covered with
‘ awful darkness ; the solitary lamps which
‘ were

‘ were burning before the altar, and the
‘ images of the saints, produced on the
‘ opposite parts of the fabric large masses
‘ of light and shade, while they spread
‘ only a faint dusk over the other parts of
‘ the Gothic building. The presence of
‘ the Eternal, the melancholy stillness of
‘ night, the extensive circumference of
‘ the venerable edifice, made me sensible,
‘ with a kind of horror, of my solitary
‘ situation. The profound stillness that
‘ reigned around was interrupted only
‘ now and then by a momentaneous crack-
‘ ing, by the clattering of the windows,
‘ the whistling of a gust of wind rushing
‘ through the softly resounding organ-
‘ pipes, and by the chiming of a bell.
‘ Proceeding further, I was struck with
‘ the hollow sound of my footsteps, which
‘ reminded me that the marble pavement
‘ covered the vault in which the bodies of
‘ the deceased fathers of the order were
‘ awaiting the morn of resurrection. I
‘ went through one of the aisles, and stopped
‘ in awful contemplation, now at an altar,
‘ now at the image of a saint, and now at
‘ a tomb. The antique, artless appearance

‘ of

‘ of many images and statues contributed
‘ much to encrease their awful effect. A
‘ chapel, where a whole length picture of
‘ Christ on the cross was suspended, at-
‘ tracted my attention particularly, be-
‘ cause the quickly repeated flirtation of
‘ the lamp which was placed before it had
‘ made me fancy that the picture was stir-
‘ ring. The singular distribution of light,
‘ darkness, and shade prevailing through
‘ the whole church, the sudden flaring
‘ and dying away of the lamps, produced
‘ the most different and surprising effects
‘ on the eye, and furnished the imagina-
‘ tion with multifarious objects of occu-
‘ pation.

‘ At length, I entered a great hall, which
‘ led to the hindmost porch, and from
‘ thence to a church-yard, the iron gate of
‘ which was locked. The first look I
‘ directed at it made me start back, seized
‘ with surprise. I looked once more at
‘ it, and beheld again several white figures
‘ that appeared and vanished with a rust-
‘ ling noise. I cannot but confess that a
‘ chilly tremor seized my limbs and fixed
‘ me to the ground. A few minutes after,

‘ a monk carrying a lanthorn appeared in
 ‘ the back part of the burying place ; and
 ‘ a short reflection unfolded to me the
 ‘ whole mystery. The noise which I had
 ‘ heard proceeded from his steps, and the
 ‘ figures were nothing else but white statues,
 ‘ which appeared and disappeared as he
 ‘ moved the lanthorn in walking. Pro-
 ‘ bably, he had been praying in the porch,
 ‘ and was now returning to his cell : I
 ‘ concealed myself in a pew, in order to
 ‘ avoid being seen by him. A weariness
 ‘ which proceeded from the chilly night
 ‘ air and want of sleep, bade me, at length,
 ‘ put a stop to my wanderings. I seated
 ‘ myself in a pew, where I abandoned my-
 ‘ self to the wild freaks of my imagina-
 ‘ tion.

‘ The dawn of day was already peep-
 ‘ ing through the stained windows, when I
 ‘ awoke from the fanciful dreams of my
 ‘ wondering mind, and the purple rays of
 ‘ the morning sun reflected with radiant
 ‘ glory from the image of the holy Vir-
 ‘ gin, suspended against the wall opposite
 ‘ the window. I was absorbed in the con-
 ‘ templation of this sublime object for
 ‘ some

‘ some time ; however the trance in
‘ which this charming fight had thrown
‘ me, soon gave room to religious sen-
‘ sations of a more sublime nature ; a pious
‘ confidence in the heavenly aid of Pro-
‘ vidence was kindling in my bosom, and
‘ I was going to prostrate myself before
‘ the blessed Virgin, when the church was
‘ thrown open. I hastened to conceal
‘ myself in a corner, and slipped out of the
‘ church as soon as the sexton had entered
‘ it. In going home, I fancied I observed
‘ Hiermanfor at a distance, nay he seemed
‘ even to advance towards me ; however,
‘ I fled from him with horror.

‘ About an hour after my return, I was
‘ joined by Alumbrado, who entered my
‘ apartment with awful solemnity. His
‘ countenance spoke more plainly than
‘ his lips. We went to the Marquis who
‘ seemed to have awaited our arrival with
‘ impatience, and bowed respectfully to
‘ Alumbrado.

“ You have been watching last night,”
‘ the latter said to us, “ and dedicated it
‘ to devotion. Is your resolution still
‘ firm and unalterable?”

“ Yes!”

“ Yes !” we replied at the same time.

‘ A long pause ensued. At length Alumbrado began: “ I too have dedicated the night to devotion, and join in your league.” Taking us by the hand, “ I have conversed with God, and received heavenly revelations, which I will communicate to you, if you will promise eternal secrecy.”

‘ We promised it.’

“ Yes, my friends,” he resumed, “ God has chosen you to be ministers of his avenging justice. Your mission is honourable, but awful—awful, and, at the same time, blissful. But I must remind you, that it does not befit the instruments of the Eternal to scan his holy decrees, nor to resist. Will you, therefore, promise to obey implicitly?”

“ We will.”

“ To obey also when the decrees of God shall come in contradiction with your opinions and feelings ?”

“ The decrees of the Eternal are impenetrable, but ever wise and ever just. We will obey !”

“ Then you swear to obey blindly ?”

‘ We

‘ We swore, and now we learned from
 ‘ Alumbrado our mission, and the whole
 ‘ plan of the secret league. It would be
 ‘ superfluous to give you the particulars
 ‘ of it, because it will be executed, and
 ‘ consequently known to you when you
 ‘ shall read this letter.—Farewell, my
 ‘ friend, for whom I always shall retain a
 ‘ tender affection, although you should
 ‘ become my most inveterate enemy.
 ‘ Farewell.’

This letter partly unfolded to me the mystery of the whole event; I could, however, best form a clear idea of the particulars of the conspiracy and the whole design when the culprits were tried. I shall confine myself to a brief sketch of that infernal plot.

Oli*arez the Minister of S—, having not been able to put a stop to the secret preparations the Duke of B—za had been making for restoring the crown of Port—l to his family, and his three last artful attempts to that effect having miscarried, he sent Alumbrado whom he had already successfully employed on differ-

‘ ent

ent occasions, to Lif*on, in order to watch the secret motions of that nobleman and to counteract them effectually. Alumbrado fixed his eyes on a man who was generally respected as well on account of his rank, his birth, and extraordinary merits, as of his great wealth; the Marquis of Villa—Re*1, whose secret antipathy against the Duke of B——a, Oli*arez had pointed out to him. With the assistance of this man, he designed to lay the mine which was to blow up the great work of the Duke of B——a. He found the Marquis in a situation of mind that seemed to promise very little success in the prosecution of his political views.

The supposed apparition of Count San*, and the illness which had succeeded it, had changed him from a statesman to a pietistical hermit. However, an intriguing genius like Alumbrado was not discouraged by these unfavourable symptoms; he only changed his measures, and founded on religious fanaticism and superstition a plan, by which he expected to interest the Marquis for his designs. Yet he had, perhaps, imagined this task much easier

easier than it really was, or the progresses the Marquis made were slower than he had expected---in short, the revolution broke out before he had attained his purpose. This unexpected blow did not depress Alumbrado's spirit. He had, indeed, not been able to dispute the acquisition of the crown of P——l with the Duke of B——a; he formed however, the resolution to deprive him of it. With this view he returned to S——n to consult with Oli*arez. The latter had really been induced by the dissimulation of the Duke of Cam*na, to believe him serious in his devices against the family of B——a, and this was sufficient to prompt him to agree with Alumbrado that one ought to endeavour to interest the Marquis and his son for the design against the new Sovereign.

That, and how this has been effected, was proved afterwards by the event.

Alumbrado had foreseen that the execution of so dangerous a design would require many co-operating powers, and therefore had taken care to procure in time the requisite assistants. One of his principle associates was the archbishop of Br*ga,

Br*ga, Primate of P——l, an acquisition which cost Alumbrado very little trouble, the Prelate meeting him half-way. The archbishop had witnessed the successful issue of the revolution with the greatest indignation, because he was entirely devoted to the S—sh court and the Vice Queen to whom he owed his preferment. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he had already drawn the sword against one of the conspirators in order to avenge his benefactress; her confinement was therefore an additional motive to him for joining the conspirators, by whose assistance he hoped to avenge her wrongs and to restore her to liberty. Alumbrado gained through him even the bishop of *arda, Grand Inquisitor of the Empire. The insinuation that he would not enjoy long his important office under the new government, the King being inclined to abolish the Inquisition, was the chief motive of his having taken a part in the conspiracy.

Both prelates were very sensible how necessary it was that the Marquis and his son should join the conspirators if Alumbrado's design should succeed, and therefore

supported him in his endeavours to ensnare these noblemen, although they dissembled to have not the least connection with that vile deceiver. Meanwhile the latter endeavoured secretly to encrease the number of the conspirators through the interest of these two prelates, and they succeeded in gaining over to their party Count Arm^{*}mar, a cousin to the Primate, a great number of other Port^{***}ese noblemen and the Jews. It has already been mentioned in the letters of the Duke, that the new King rejected their petition of being suffered to live and to trade in the kingdom as external Christians, uncontrolled by the Inquisition. The Primate made them a voluntary offer of that privilege; nay, he even promised secretly, in the name of the King of S—n, that they should have a public synagogue, if they would co-operate in the execution of the plot, which they consented to without hesitation.

The design itself was, indeed, horrid enough. On the 6th of August, 1641, the Jews were to cause a conflagration in the night, not only in the royal palace, but also

also in different parts of the town, in order to divert the attention of the people. Then the conspirators were to penetrate into the palace under the pretext of extinguishing the fire, and to stab the King; the Queen, however, and the two young Princes, were to be seized by the Duke of Ca*ina, in order to obtain through them the possession of the castle. The Primate with his train was, meanwhile, to parade through the streets, in order to frighten the refractory multitude with the Inquisition, and when the whole plan should have been happily executed, the Marquis of Villa R*al was to be invested with the dignity of Vicegerent.

This was the plan of an undertaking that could be attempted only by foolhardy and deluded men. Alumbrado, who knew best how hazardous and adventurous it was, was well aware, that, even if their design should be executed in the most successful manner, the capital only would be gained, and every thing lost again if they were not supported by an external power. He found it therefore necessary that a S—sh fleet should be ready to surprise the
port

port as soon as the fire should break out, and a small army of S—rds waiting on the frontiers, in order to penetrate in the country on the first intelligence of the successful execution of the undertaking. Oliv*rez was to afford this assistance, and consequently, intelligence must be sent him and every thing preconcerted, which was extremely difficult, the new Sovereign having issued the strictest orders not to suffer any suspicious letter to pass the frontiers. Ba*za, of whom I have already made mention in a former page, had, on account of his extensive trade, received an exclusive privilege of carrying on an unmolested correspondence with S—n. Alumbrado found means to insinuate himself with this important man in such a manner, that he undertook the dangerous task of forwarding the letter which contained that intelligence. However—

The Irishman was returned from his journey. Some expressions which he accidentally overheard and several unusual movements his eagle eye espied, excited his suspicion, in spite of the secrecy of the conspirators and the great precaution they observed

observed in carrying on their plot. He found it, nevertheless, very difficult to come upon the right tack. Although he had succeeded in his attempt of getting admittance to Ba*za's house in the disguise of a foreign merchant, and gained the confidence of that man by means of some very great money transactions, yet he could not trace out the least thing concerning the secret plot which he suspected to be carrying on, Ba*za being always on his guard, notwithstanding the repeated invectives the Irishman uttered against the new government in order to allure him to take the bait. But when Baeza received the afore said letter in order to send it to S—n, he betrayed so much anxiety that it could not escape the keen-sighted looks of the Irishman. The latter employed every art to dispose the merchant to direct that letter to the Marquis of Aja*onti, a commander of a Sp—sh fortress on the frontier, and acted his part with so much dexterity, that Baeza adopted his advice without entertaining the least suspicion, thinking that the letter would certainly be delivered to the Minister

when it once had reached the Sp—sh territory.

The Irishman could not indeed, divine the important contents of the letter, and the uneasiness which the merchant betrayed concerning its safe delivery, could also have originated from the great importance of the mercantile papers it might have contained. It was, therefore, a mere act of prudence that he sent instantly a messenger to his friend Ajam*nti, requesting him to examine that letter carefully if it should come to his hands.

The Marquis receiving the letter opened the first cover, and seeing it directed to the Sp—sh Minister of State, and sealed with the great seal of the Primate of P—l, his suspicion having been roused by the previous notice he had received from the Irishman, he opened it without hesitation, and thus discovered the imminent danger threatening the life of the King of P—l. Being a near relation to the Queen and sincerely attached to the King, he sent the letter without delay to his royal kinsman. The King was seized with astonishment and horror when he learned what a dreadful

ful

ful plot was carrying on against himself and the kingdom. He convoked instantly the Privy Council, and concerted with them the necessary means which were to be taken in order to avert the impending blow.

The fifth of August, in the night of which the plot was to be carried into execution, the King sent orders to all the troops that were quartered in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, to march instantly to the capital under the pretext of a review. On the morning of the same day, he delivered himself sealed instructions to his most faithful officers, ordering them not to be opened before noon, when they were to execute the contents with the greatest dispatch. These precautions being taken, the King ordered the Great Council of State to assemble at one o'clock. The Bishop of Braga and the Marquis of Villa Real were arrested as soon as they entered the council chamber, and a captain of the life guard seized the Duke of Cadiz at the same time in the public street. This was the time when all the officers opened their sealed orders, which contained the

names of those whom they were to arrest, and of the prison to which they were to conduct them. Every one of the conspirators was confined in a different prison, and some were arrested by more than one officer. All those that had been ordered to execute the King's command, arrived at the same time at the places of their destination, and performed their mission almost in one moment. The number of the prisoners amounted to forty-seven.

A committee of Grandees was now appointed to try the conspirators. The letters through which the plot had been discovered were not produced at the beginning of the trial, in order not to betray the Marquis of Aja*onti. Baeza being threatened to be put to the rack confessed first, and the rest confirmed his confession after having been put to the torture. The Marquis of Villa Re*1 and the Duke of Ca*ina, and the two prelates confessed voluntarily.

Alumbrado endured the first degree of the torture without confessing any thing; however, at the second he began to be more tractable.

Imagining that my readers will be desirous to learn the particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, I will give a short sketch of what I could learn.

He was born at *a*. If the virtues of parents were as inheritable as their rank and fortune, he would not have been a disgrace to a family as noble as it was respectable. Already in his juvenile age he exhibited marks of a penetrating understanding, of an extraordinary docility and acuteness, but nature had thrown away her gifts upon a villain. The great rigour with which his father watched his conduct, had no other effect but that of making him a hypocrite, for he would commit any crime if he could do it unobserved, although he was generally believed to be a pattern of every virtue. In his ninth year he killed a girl by a stone thrown from a sling, and was capable not only of fathering the crime upon one of his play-fellows, but, at the same time, of rendering his accusation more plausible by his solemn protestations, and the tears he shed over the corpse. Progress of time changed his conduct not in the least,

he rather improved in wickedness, and in the art of concealing his crimes.

Inheriting from his father an immense fortune, he determined to indemnify himself for his former constraint, by the most licentious manner of life, and abandoned himself to all sorts of debauchery, with a fury that ruined both his health and his fortune. The grief at this conduct broke the heart of his mother, at which he was not very sorry, expecting to improve his fortune by a new inheritance. He was, however, disappointed, for his mother, thinking it sinful to support him in his debaucheries, left her wealth to a cloister. Glowing with thirst for revenge, he set it on fire and ran away.

The vengeance of Heaven pursued him, and want soon completed the measure of his wretchedness. Whithersoever he went he was haunted by the unrelenting punishments of the Omnipresent Judge on high, and the greatest distress. At length he obtained leave of a captain, who was just going to sea, to embark on board of his vessel. Thus he did, indeed, get out of the reach of public justice, but not of the

the vengeance of Heaven. The ship was captured by Algerine pirates, and he was dragged to captivity.

He abjured his religion and turned Mahometan, in order to ease the yoke of slavery that lay heavy on his shoulders. His great capacities enabled him soon to improve his situation, and during some successful cruizes against his own countrymen, he acquired a considerable fortune, which he increased rapidly through his speculations on land and sea, which he carried on for more than twenty years with astonishing success. Meanwhile he took every opportunity of injuring the Christians, and Portugal lost through his infernal intrigues her most valuable possessions in Africa.

Yet his good fortune became at last the source of new misfortunes, puffing him up with pride in such a manner, that he aspired to a dignity in the state which a renegado rarely or never obtains. The Dey of Algiers died, and he spared neither expences nor artifices to be constituted his successor; his ambitious views were however frustrated. His pride was

wounded, and he endeavoured to gain his aim by additional bribes, but in vain! Enraged with new disappointment, he conspired against the new Dey; a Dervise, whom he wanted to implicate in his plot, betrayed him, and he had scarcely time to save himself by a sudden flight, leaving all his ill-gotten wealth behind.

On his return to Europe he disguised himself in the garb of a pilgrim, and affected to be a peregrinating penitentiary. Wherever he passed through he pretended to have visited the holy sepulchre, where the infidels had detained him a long while in captivity, from which he had been delivered, at length, in a miraculous manner. He distributed small pieces of wood, stone, and earth, as valuable relics, for which the poor superstitious multitude paid him great sums of money.

Thus he roamed from place to place, and met every where with credulous people, with hospitality and alms. At Aran*uez he got acquainted with the Bishop of P—*, who, at that time, exercised the office of a papal legate at the court of Spa*n. His pharisaical hypocrisy enabled

bled him to ingratiate himself with that worthy prelate, who was so much deceived by him, that he received him into his service. Alumbrado dispatched the private secretary of his deluded master by a dose of poison, and succeeded him in his place. The unsuspecting prelate was so much pleased with Alumbrado's abilities and services, that he recommended him to Oliva*ez when he returned to Rome.

The character of the Prime Minister of Sp*ⁿ differed materially from that of the Bishop; Alumbrado, however, knew how to accommodate himself to every one. He soon prejudiced his new patron so much in his favour, that he entrusted him with the execution of a political charge of the greatest importance, and Alumbrado acquitted himself so well of his commission, that the Minister promised to reward his services on the first opportunity. Alumbrado improved every opportunity of securing the favour of his master, and endeavoured anxiously to explore his ruling passions.

The keen-sighted dissembler soon found out that the Minister was a great admirer

of the occult sciences, and instantly hinted that he had acquired a great knowledge of those sciences on his travels. From that moment the Minister was rather in Alumbrado's service than the latter in his.

Thus they had lived together in mutual good understanding five years, when the commotions in Port**al began to alarm the Court of Mad**d. Alumbrado was sent to Lisbon, in order to counteract the machinations of the Duke of Brag**za, but having not been able to effect his purpose, attempted to carry his point by forming a conspiracy, which, if it had succeeded, would have proved fatal to the life of the new King, and plunged the empire into the greatest misery.

Unfortunate young man! who hast been implicated in the most enormous artifices of a monster in that infernal plot; have not all the torments of Hell raged in thy bosom, when the veil which that arch deceiver had thrown over that horrid undertaking was removed, when thy seducer was unmasked before his judges, and thou
sawest

sawest in whose hands thou hast been, and how the miracles by which thou hadst been ensnared, had been wrought? A fragment which I have copied from the records of the trial, will enable the reader to form an idea of the state of my unhappy friend.

Duke. It is impossible, I say.

Alumbrado. And yet it is exactly as I have told you. It was you who prompted me by your relation of your adventures with the Irishman, to gain you for my purpose by *delusive miracles*. These were the only means left me by the Marquis of F*****, for I could not expect to ensnare you by *apparitions of ghosts*, after the sensible arguments which he had opposed to your belief in their existence. Your friend's philosophical caution not to trust a man whom you should have caught once in the act of committing a fraud, obliged me to be on my guard, and I endeavoured to persuade you that I was a *saint*. I pronounced the Irishman a *sorcerer* in order to prejudice you against him, and to exclude him from all further connection with you. Thus I gained
more

more than I ever should have done, if I had pronounced him an impostor, because I had it very much at my heart to inspire you with a *blind belief* in supernatural events of every kind, and a *blind confidence* in my miracles. It gave me great pleasure to have found out a mean *through which I could influence you and the Marquis at once*, and guide both of you to one mark. I feared, however, the Marquis of F—— would discover my artifices, and for that reason recommended him to the King by a third person, for the transaction of affairs which removed him far enough from us.

Duke. Infernal villainy! execrable wretch!—But no, your deeds contradict your confession. No, Alumbrado, human art cannot produce miracles like yours. Did not nature herself obey you?

Alumbrado. Your imagination only obeyed me. The idea of the miraculous had been instilled in your mind already, and I had nothing else to do but to strengthen it, in order to get possession of the confidence which Hiermanfor had enjoyed.

joyed. I thought it, however, prudent to use a different method. He founded his supernatural power on the occult sciences, and I on religious mysteries. I did not find it more difficult to *lead you from the delusions of speculative philosophy, to those of implicit faith*, than to give you proofs of my miraculous power. A little dexterity, a little success on my part, and a judicious accommodation to circumstances, delivered you and the Marquis into my power. I gained my purpose, and this was the only miracle in the whole affair.

Duke. However, the effects which you produced, are still so very mysterious to me.—

Alumbrado. And yet every thing was done in a very natural manner.

Duke. How could you know the accident that happened at the Inn at *li*, in the very moment when it took place.

Alumbrado. Because I had preconcerted it with some of my emissaries at *li*. You now will comprehend how I could know the day and the hour, and

how

how that incident could agree so exactly with my prediction.

Duke. What end did you mean to gain by that deception?

Alumbrado. The throwing down of the picture by an invifible hand, was to give you a hint that a higher power had decreed the dethronement of the King.

Duke. However, the appeafing of the tempeftuous fea could be no delufion, nor an accident. Through what extraordinary means did you effect it?

Alumbrado. Mere precaution enabled me to effect it. Experience had taught me that oil poffeffes the extraordinary quality of reftoring the equilibrium of the water, if violently agitated, and of fmoothing the fwelling waves. For that reason I have been ufed never to make a voyage without carrying fome casks of oil with me; and I had taken the fame precaution when I went on board of the veffel in which you had taken your paffage. Having left you, after I had announced to you the pretended miracle, I ordered my people to beat off the hoops of the casks and to throw them overboard. The
oil

oil instantly spread over the surface of the water and calmed the agitated waves.*

Duke. (After a pause) It was your intention to persuade me to return to Li**on, and you have gained your aim by that expedient; but what would you have done if no tempest had afforded you an opportunity of deceiving me by a pretended miracle?

Alumbrado. I should have watched another opportunity, and devised other artifices; for it was with that view that I accompanied you on your voyage without your knowledge.

Duke. By what means did you preserve your life, under the hands of the royal banditti?

Alumbrado. The whole scene you beheld from the top of the turret was preconcerted by me. The fellows who attacked

* Pliny long ago knew that extraordinary quality of the oil, and in our times it has been confirmed by the experiments of the immortal Franklin. Mr. Osorezkowsky, the celebrated Russian academician, experienced the same on his physical voyage, and our modern seamen in general are no strangers to that effect of the oil, and frequently make use of it in dangerous surges. T.

tacked me, neither had been sent by the King, nor were they banditti, but had been previously instructed by me how to act; their pistols were charged only with powder, and their poniards did not wound me. This will explain to you the whole miracle.

Duke. Not sent by the King, did you say. He then had no design against my life?

Alumbrado. No, the King never had the least idea of such a deed.

Duke. Villainous! villainous! to deceive me thus!—And with what view did you devise that horrid fraud?

Alumbrado. I wanted to inflame your father's mind with resentment against the King. Nay, I will tell you more. It was *my* work that the King treated you with so much coldness, and neglected to raise your family; for I had represented you and your father to him, by one of my agents, as persons who beheld his new dignity with envious eyes. Through these mutual exasperations, I gained the advantage of increasing your personal antipathy against the King, and of turning
ing

ing it, at length, into hatred that had all the appearance of just resentment.

Duke. Ah! I now begin to penetrate the whole atrocity of your artful wiles. Then it was you who has incited the King against me and my family, and formed the plot against his life?

Alumbrado. What would it avail me to deny the charge?

Duke. And yet it seemed as if you had not been concerned in the conspiracy. The design against the King had already been determined, and still you withheld your consent and assistance.

Alumbrado. And not without reason. I would not expose myself. The grand Inquisitor and the Primate took care to gain you to our purpose without your suspecting it, while I was directing the plot behind the curtain; I should have destroyed my own work if I had stepped forth too soon. My seeming backwardness spurred you on, and screened me from suspicion. However, after I had performed the last fictitious miracle, I thought myself sufficiently secured against all suspicion, and calculated that it would
be

be feasonable to command you in the name of God, to take an active part in the conspiracy.

Duke. After the last fictitious miracle? Do you mean that incident by which you showed yourself proof againſt ball and dagger?

Alumbrado. I do. The miracle will appear very natural to you when I tell you that I had filled the powder-horn, which I had conveyed ſecretly from your apartment, with a powder of my own invention, which could not carry the ball farther than five ſteps. Having placed myſelf ſeven ſteps diſtant from the gun, I was far enough out of harm's way. I requeſted to be fired at twice, in order to empty the powder-horn of its contents, a precaution that prevented you from diſcovering, afterwards, the real nature of the powder. The dagger with which I ſtabbed myſelf, had alſo been previously made for that purpoſe, and could do me no harm. The blade of it, which was not much pointed, ſnapped back into the hollow handle on the ſmalleſt reſiſtance, which made you believe that it had penetrated

trated my breast. A spring which forced it again into its former situation, rendered it entirely impossible for you to discover the fraud.

Duke. What views had you in making me believe that you was invulnerable?

Alumbrado. Was it not to be expected that you would repose the utmost reliance on the assistance of a man who should appear to you proof against balls and daggers? However, I have, as yet, explained to you only the particular views I had in performing fictitious miracles, and now will tell you that every one of them tended to effect a general end, which was nothing less than to persuade you and the Marquis to believe that God was working and speaking through me. Our plot was so hazardous, the circumstances so unfavourable, and success so improbable, that we had reason to apprehend you would shrink back from your resolution, when you should have pondered more maturely the danger which it was attended with. For this reason I thought it most prudent to appear to you to be an organ of the godhead, because it was to be expected

pected that you would fear no danger whatever, if you should be persuaded that our design was the work of God, and supported by his omnipotent power ; for with God nothing is impossible. In order to corroborate you in that belief, I advised you to have recourse to *prayer*.—

Duke. Daring wretch ! how could you run that risk ?

Alumbrado. Why not ? you had already taken your resolution before you implored God to signify his will to you. The execution of our plan had been, some time since, the principle idea that prevailed in your mind, and forced itself upon you on every occasion, and, of course, in your prayers too ; it was, therefore, very natural that, in the latter case, you should mistake for a decree of God what, in reality, was nothing else but the voice of your provoked passions. I entertained not the least apprehension that devotion would produce more pious sentiments in your mind, because the sophistry of your passions, and the two prelates had already persuaded you that our design was just ; I rather expected that the
fer-

fervour of your prayer, particularly at night, would encrease the fermentation of your blood, and animate you with additional courage to execute our plan.

Duke. Infernal spirit! but no! thou art worse than Satan! for he respects the temples and altars, but thou hast laid thy snares even in those sacred places. *Prayers* and *faith*, these sacred treasures of man become in thy hand tools of seduction; and thou dost not tremble at the idea of being accountable to the all-seeing Judge for thy villainous deeds?—What wouldst thou have done, daring wretch! if a ray of divine illumination had dispelled my errors?

Alumbrado. I was not afraid of that. You could expect no such illumination from above, because your own reason would have pointed out to you the illegality of your design, if you had consulted your own good sense rather than your passions. God does not work miracles while we can be instructed by natural means.

Duke. But suppose he had—for how canst thou prescribe limits to the wisdom
of

of God, suppose he had, nevertheless, condescended to open mine eyes through his holy spirit?

Alumbrado. (carelessly.) I then should have had recourse to a natural expedient—which I intended to adopt in case of emergency. You will recollect that you missed a sheet of your treatise on the *Manicheean system*; it was I who purloined it. If you had shrunk back from your engagement, I would have threatened you with all the terrors of the Inquisition; the sheet was written by you and the grand Inquisitor my friend; consequently now as other choice was left you, than either to make good your engagement or to experience all the horrors of that tribunal.

Duke, (shuddering with horror.) Lead me back to my dungeon, lest the aspect of this monster should poison me entirely.

The day after the trial, the son of the gaoler brought me a letter, which, to my utter astonishment, was from the Duke, and contained the following lines* : * *

* * * * *

Grief,

* This letter is the same which is prefixed to the first volume of these Memoirs.

Grief, horror, pity, hope, and despair assailed my heart alternately, after I had read this letter. I moistened it with burning tears. When this violent agitation of my mind began to abate so much that I could reflect again, I considered what could be done for the preservation of this hapless man, and regardless of my indisposition hastened to the archbishop of Lis*on, who always had been very partial to the Duke and was much respected by the Queen. I entreated this worthy prelate to intercede with the latter for my hapless friend. "Alas!" he replied, "I have attempted it already without success." "How, my Lord?" her reply was, "how can you intercede for a traitor who has meditated our destruction and the ruin of our kingdom. All that you can expect is that I shall forget what you have asked."

This account of the archbishop rent my heart; however, I entertained still some hope that the King, whose generous disposition I knew, would not prove callous against my tears and prayers. I went without delay to the palace, and was admitted.

mitted. I supplicated him on my knees, to grant his royal mercy to the unfortunate deluded young man, and exerted every power of eloquence to excite his pity. "Rise, Marquis," the King replied, "there is no occasion for your intercession; I have determined already to pardon the Duke and the rest of the conspirators; yet their fate does not depend on myself alone, but also from the decision of the Council of State." With that resolution I was dismissed.

The following day, the gaoler brought me a second letter from the Duke, which I shall transcribe literally:

‘ MY DEAREST FRIEND,

‘ I am allowed to converse with you
‘ once more. The 200 dobras have
‘ gained the gaoler, and the promise of
‘ a like sum has prompted him to engage
‘ to deliver this letter to you. I must in-
‘ form you of an important incident, that
‘ happened last night, within the walls of
‘ my dungeon. The door of my prison
‘ was

' was suddenly flung open, and *Hierman-*
 ' *for* entered. Although I have great rea-
 ' son to be angry with him, yet he ap-
 ' peared to me an angel of light, in com-
 ' parison with Alumbrado. The sight of
 ' him roused my heart from its state of de-
 ' spondency; however, my former gloomi-
 ' ness of mind soon returned, when af-
 ' ter a long and solemn silence, he ex-
 ' claimed: "must we meet again in *this*
 ' place?"

' I could return no answer; the con-
 ' sciousness of my guilt lay heavy on my
 ' mind, and the looks of the Irishman
 ' confounded me. Without being af-
 ' fected by my perplexity, he resumed,
 ' after a short silence: "you was a no-
 ' ble, deserving young man when I left
 ' you, and now I find you a rebel." I
 ' do not know whether it was the accent
 ' in which he pronounced these words,
 ' or the truth they implied, that made my
 ' blood ferment on a sudden—in short, I
 ' exclaimed: "if you had fulfilled your
 ' promise as an honest man, I should then
 ' perhaps not have been in this situation."
 ' The Irishman seemed to be affected vehe-
 ' mently.

mently. "By heaven! my Lord!" he exclaimed, "it was no fault of mine, a journey, and business of great importance, prevented me from seeing you sooner. But I do not comprehend you sufficiently, will you be so kind as to explain the meaning of your words?"

"I will, as soon as you shall have given me an explanation of an incident which you have promised to clear up."

"What incident do you mean?" the Irishman said.

"The apparition of Antonio, at the church-yard. Was it a natural contrivance of your invention?"

"It was."

"Merciful God!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Don't ask me, the explanation—the explanation—"

"The apparition was effected by means of a convex mirror; the vision which you wanted to embrace was nothing else but the image of a statue of your tutor, which was reflected on the spot where it appeared

‘ appeared by a mirror placed before that
‘ statue.”

“ But how did it happen that the mirror
‘ escaped my observation ?”

“ You will recollect that the vision ap-
‘ peared not far from the chapel, behind
‘ the wall of which the mirror was placed
‘ in such a manner that it could not be
‘ perceived by you.”

“ And Antonio’s statue ?”

“ You would have observed it if the
‘ sight of the apparition had not engrossed
‘ your whole attention ; however, its having
‘ been painted white like the rest of the
‘ statues in the church-yard, probably
‘ would have induced you to mistake it for
‘ the statue of some saint or other, and
‘ thus it would not have attracted your
‘ attention.”

“ But how could the apparition disap-
‘ pear and re-appear at my desire ?”

“ That was not difficult. One of my
‘ people, who directed the mirror through
‘ one of the church windows, removed it
‘ when the vision disappeared, and re-
‘ placed it again in its proper situation

“when you desired the phantom to appear once more.”

“But if I had discovered the artifice?—”

“Don’t you believe that I had taken the necessary precaution? Even if you had seen the mirror, yet you would not have discovered its effect. I was, however, pretty sure that you would not enter into an examination, being well aware that you would have no inclination of doing it, because I had desired you to make every investigation you should wish, and thus prompted you to believe that I apprehended no discovery.”

“However, the phantom spoke, how could that be?”

“Not the phantom, but Count Clairval, who was in the gallery of the chapel, spoke through a speaking trumpet. The direction of the trumpet and the striking resemblance the phantom bore to your tutor, induced you to attribute the words which he pronounced to the vision.”

“Hiermanfor,” said I after a pause,
“then

“ then your last miracle too was a delusion?”

“ You have my confession.”

“ And nevertheless you assured me so solemnly that it was the work of supernatural power !”

“ I did so ; but I intended to recant after the end which I had in view should have been attained. Unforeseen incidents prevented me from doing it sooner.”

“ Why did not Count Clairval recant in your name, when I entreated him so solemnly and so pressing to confess the fraud?”

“ He had received no orders to that purpose.”

“ You promised me, one time, to initiate me in a new philosophy, and to introduce me to an happiness that is concealed from other mortals.”

“ Then I promised you what I am not able to perform. Without circumlocution, I imposed upon you !”

“ And you have the courage to tell me this to my face?”

“ I have spoken the truth, and hope you
‘ will forgive me. Yes, I have deceived
‘ you, and the success of the revolution
‘ depended chiefly upon that innocent
‘ fraud. I deceived you because—for-
‘ give me my frankness—because you
‘ would be deceived.”

“ Your morality agrees pretty well with
‘ your policy.”

“ I am astonished,” the Irishman re-
‘ plied with a contemptuous smile, “ that
‘ *you* presume to call my morality in ques-
‘ tion; the clangor of these fetters con-
‘ trasts very much with your moral
‘ speeches.”

‘ Scarcely able to retain my rising in-
‘ dignation, I replied, “ But if I could
‘ prove that this innocent fraud, as you
‘ please to call it, has been the chief cause
‘ of my crime, of these fetters, and of my
‘ impending execution?”

“ Heaven forbid it?” the Irishman ex-
‘ claimed, seized with terror.

“ You have excited by your delusions
‘ my propensity to miraculous events. The
‘ explanation of your deceptions did not
‘ at all destroy the dangerous effect they

‘ produced on my mind, because I never
 ‘ was able to recover entirely from the
 ‘ erroneous opinion that the apparition of
 ‘ the church-yard had been the effect of
 ‘ supernatural power. An infernal im-
 ‘ postor took advantage of the situation of
 ‘ my mind, and incited me through new
 ‘ delusions to engage in the undertaking
 ‘ that has been the cause of these fetters.
 ‘ Are you now sensible of the injury I
 ‘ have suffered through you?”

‘ The Irishman grew pale, and seemed
 ‘ deprived of the power of utterance. At
 ‘ once he recovered from his sudden
 ‘ terror, and started up. “Whither are
 ‘ you going?” I exclaimed. “To the
 ‘ King?” he replied. “What business
 ‘ have you with the King?” I enquired.
 ‘ “I am going to implore him to spare your
 ‘ life and to set you at liberty. Forgive
 ‘ me, unfortunate young man! (he added)
 ‘ forgive me! I will exert every power
 ‘ of persuasion for the preservation of
 ‘ your life.” So saying he left me, and I
 ‘ have not seen him since. I must pa-
 ‘ tiently await the effect of his applica-
 ‘ tion.

* tion. Farewell! my friend farewell! I
* am not afraid of leaving this world, for
* Amelia is dead, Antonio is no more,
* and, alas! my father too will be con-
* demned to die. However, the idea of
* dying branded with ignominy, thrills
* me with terror and desponding agony.
* Gracious Heaven, ward off this dreadful
* blow, if it be possible !'

Hesitating between hope and fear, I
awaited the day which was to decide the
fate of my hapless friend. It arrived.—

My melancholy tale draws nearer towards
its conclusion? why does my hand tremble
thus? why do these tears start from my
eyes? what means this dreadful agony
that almost breaks my heart? Alas! thy
doom is fixed, ill-fated victim of delusion!

The judges who were to decide the fate
of the conspirators met, and decreed that
the Marquis of Villa Re*l and the Duke
of Ca*ina should be beheaded as rebels
against the King, whose authority they
had acknowledged with the rest of the
states of the empire, and the other con-
spirators

spirators hanged and quartered. The punishment of the Primate and the Grand Inquisitor was left to the decision of the King.

The King proposed in the council of state in which this decree was debated, that some of the criminals should be executed, but the rest imprisoned for life. The Marquis of **ira insisted, however, upon the execution of the legal punishment, and was seconded by the other members. The King mitigated the punishment of those who had been sentenced to be hanged, ordering them to be beheaded. The two prelates, whose fate had been left to his Royal pleasure, were doomed to eternal imprisonment.

Going to Court the next day, I heard Alumbrado had found means to escape from his prison. It was believed Olivarez had bribed the gaoler by a large sum to suffer him to liberate himself, which appeared to me very probable, as the latter could be found no where, and very likely had joined the villain in his flight, who, however, as it is to be wished for

the best of human kind, will not escape the punishment due to his crimes*.

What I am going to relate now is the account of an eye-witness, for how could I have been present on such an heart-breaking occasion?

On the 28th of August a scaffold, covered with black cloth, was erected before the house where the prisoners had been confined the preceding night. On this scaffold three steps were seen, on each of which a chair was placed, the
upper

* He did not escape the vengeance of Heaven if, as I have reason to suppose, Alumbrado is the same person with Vi*o*va. The latter fled from Port**al to Spa*n, deceived the Minister through his pretended occult knowledge, and continued to be connected with him after he had been removed from the helm of government. However a journey which Alumbrado made to Tol**o, where he attempted to play off his magical delusions, brought on his destruction; he was seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and executed as a heretic and forcerer. Oli*arez too was re ste by the Inquisition, when that ruthless tribunal was informed of his connection with the villainous Alumbrado; his relations are, however, believed to have dispatched him by poison, in order to spare him the disgrace of a public execution.

Marquis of SAU*****.

upper one for the Duke of Cam*na, the middle chair for the Marquis of Villa R*al, and the lower one for the Duke of Ar*amar.

The Marquis of Villa R*al was the first who stepped out of one of the windows of the house, which served instead of a door. He begged the bye-standers pardon in a short speech, and was beheaded.

As soon as his corpse was covered his son made his appearance. His pale and staring countenance resembled that of a corpse. He uttered not a syllable, seated himself on the chair, and one blow severed his head from his body.

The pen drops from my hand, and the idea of that horrid scene curdles the blood in my veins. Reader, who art perusing these pages, look back once more on the road on which a noble young man, adorned with the most excellent genius, and the best of hearts, suffered himself to be seduced to a crime for which he atoned with his life !

CONTINUATION.

(By an Unknown Hand.)

The Marquis of F*, to whom the preceding Memoirs had been entrusted for publication, dying nine weeks after the execution of his unhappy friend, left these interesting papers to me, after I had promised him on his death-bed to execute the last request of their ill-fated author. I have discharged the trust reposed in me some years since, and the character of the poor deluded young man has been vindicated in the eyes of the public, who have received the mournful tale of his misfortunes with tears of pity. The continuation of these extraordinary Memoirs, which I am going to add, is so wonderful and remarkable, that I wish it had been in my power to communicate it to the public along with the rest; the whole being, however, a secret of state, which I am not allowed to disclose while the persons concerned in it are alive, I shall, perhaps, be obliged to leave the
pub-

publication of the subsequent pages to my children.

Nine years are already elapsed since the execution of the conspirators, and the death of the Marquis of F* and—the Duke of Ca*ina, whose hapless fate the latter has bewailed in silent grief, and who generally is believed to have been executed with the rest of his associates, is yet alive.

The King, who ardently wished to spare the life of the Duke, but at the same time was afraid of counteracting the decree of the council of state, who had doomed him to public execution, found himself in no small embarrassment. However, the Irishman, who wished with equal ardour to save the life of the poor misguided young man, soon found out means of dissolving the Gordian knot. “I could,” said he to the King, “make a mask, which no one should be able to discern from the real physiognomy of the Duke; and this mask I could fasten to the face of some other person, in such a manner, that every one should believe that person to be the Duke. If, therefore,

fore, we can find a person who resembles him in size, and in the make of his body, and at the same time shall be willing to lose his head in the place of the Duke, it will not be difficult to save the life of the latter, without either offending the Senate, or leaving him at liberty to conspire a second time against the life of your Majesty. This person, who in every respect will answer our purpose, is *Alumbrado*. He is of the same size with the Duke, and if informed that he is condemned to be torn by horses, will not refuse to accept the mask, and to die by the sword in the place of the Duke. In order to cover this innocent fraud, we must give out that Alumbrado has escaped from the prison, and thus the benevolent wish of your Majesty can be accomplished with secrecy and safety."

This plan of the Irishman was executed with the privacy and assistance of only a few persons, who took a solemn oath never to disclose the secret, and Alumbrado was beheaded in the room of the Duke. The deceit was carried on so dexterously, that none of those who
wit-

witnessed his execution, suspected him to be any other person but the Duke whom he represented.

The latter, however, knew nothing of this fraud that had been practised in his favour, for although the Irishman had modelled his face in wax, yet he had not received the most distant hint of the purpose for which it had been done. When he was carried out of his dungeon, a few hours after the execution of his father and the disguised Alumbrado, and led through a dark subterraneous passage, he fancied that he was to meet his doom. He was conducted over many secret stair-cases, and at length entered, through an iron door, a dark apartment where he was ordered to wait. But soon after a second door was opened, and an apartment illuminated with numberless torches presented itself to his view. There he beheld the King sitting at a table, and a man with a sack and a sword standing by his side, who beckoned to him to step nearer. The Duke having entered the apartment, the door was bolted after him, and he expected every moment to be his last.

last. The King looked at him for some time without speaking a word, and at last began:—"You have designed the ruin
" of your country, and conspired against
" my life, what do you think you deserve?" "Death!" the Duke replied.
" You have been doomed by the Council
" of State to suffer a very painful death;
" I have, however, mitigated their sentence into that of your being executed
" by the sword." The Duke thanked the King for his clemency, and looked at the man, whom he mistook for the executioner. "Your sentence has been
" executed already!" the King resumed, after a long pause of awful expectation. The silence of the Duke, and the expression of his features, bespoke his desire for an explanation of these mysterious words. "You gaze at me;" the King added, "you doubt, perhaps, the truth
" of what I have said? however you shall
" soon be convinced." So saying he made a signal to the man who was standing by his side, upon which the latter opened the sack, and taking out a head recently cut off, showed it to the Duke,
who

who staggered back when he discerned his own features in the face of the bleeding head. The whole mystery was now explained to him, and the King added: “ You owe your life to my mercy and
“ the invention of the Irishman; it is,
“ however, not in my power to restore
“ you to human society. Although you
“ are alive, yet you will be numbered
“ among the dead, and be lost to the
“ world for ever. You will pass your
“ life banished from society, and de-
“ prived of liberty, yet you may rest
“ assured that none of the comforts of
“ life, liberty excepted, will be denied
“ you.”

This sentence was executed literally. The Duke was confined for the rest of his life in a strong tower situated on the river Ta*o, where handsome apartments were allotted to him, and wanted nothing but liberty.

THE
TRANSLATOR'S ADDRESS
TO HIS
THINKING READERS.

BEFORE the Translator takes leave of the Reader, who will not withhold a tear of tender pity from the Hero of the preceding pages, when informed that the mournful tale of his deviations and hapless fate is not the offspring of imaginary fiction, but founded on historical facts, recorded in Abbe Vertot's excellent History of the Revolution in Portugal; he deems it his duty as a man, and as a Christian, to put his young friends, who will peruse his translation, in a way to avoid the snares of superstition, the dire effects of which are the theme of the preceding volumes. A careful attention to the four following principles, will be the surest means of steering clear of the dangerous rocks and quicksands of superstition, on which the happiness of so many mortals has been wrecked; the Translator, therefore, begs his readers who value their peace of mind, never to forget

That Order is the Supreme Law of Nature. The motion of the celestial bodies, the ecliptical course of our globe, the regular change of day and night, and of the different seasons, and every object we behold in Nature's boundless realms, enforce the truth of that principle on the mind of the attentive observer. We no where behold effects without a sufficient cause, no where causes without proportionate effects; no where vacancies nor irregular leaps in the series and concatenation

nation of things; no where beings that are insulated and unallied to the whole; no where supernatural effects nor *immediate* interpositions of the Godhead, where the regular powers of Nature are sufficient to effect the great views of the Creator. On the contrary, we behold every where the most indissoluble union, and the exactest proportion between cause and effect, every where the most admirable connection between all the smaller and the lesser parts of the whole, and between all the mutations and changes that take place therein: we behold every where fixed, immutable laws, after which all the works of God, the sun and the smallest grain of sand, the worm and man, the king of creation, move and act, every where great ends and means that are proportionate to them. Who can examine the world, without perceiving the most perfect order whereby it is ruled? And what reasonable man would conclude from what he *does not know, nor can comprehend* of the contrary of those things which he *can see* and examine? How was it possible that man could successfully carry on his occupations and labours without this unalterable order of things? How could he know the will of his Creator, and how execute it? how conclude with the least security from what is past, of what will be? how compute the success of his undertakings, meditations and exertions? What a dreadful scene of confusion would a world exhibit, wherein the series and the connections of things were constantly interrupted through miracles, or the influence of superior beings. Order is, and ever will be, the supreme law of Nature; respect, therefore, this law, take it for your guide on your pilgrimage, and you will avoid the deviations of superstition.

Superstition misconceives this order of things, expects effects without causes, or from such causes as have no relation to them; it arbitrarily transforms the nature of things, separates what is indissolubly connected, and connects in the same arbitrary manner things which evidently contradict each other, or are not connected at all.

Superstition obliterates the natural limits of created beings, imputing to them qualities and powers which they do not, nor can possess, if they shall be and continue to be what they really are. The superstitious expects every where miracles and exceptions from the stated rules of Nature, and the more wild and confused his fancies are, the more important solutions of mysteries do they appear to him to promise. But is not this scorning the laws of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and censuring the order of things which is founded thereupon? Is not this exposing the world, which is the work of the Supreme wisdom and goodness, to all the dangers and confusions of blind fatality, and destroying all dependence on our reasoning and conclusions, on our actions, hopes and expectations? Is such a manner of thinking consistent with a sound knowledge of God, and of the ways of Providence? If you wish to avoid the delusions and the snares of superstition, that bane of human happiness, of good order, and of peace of mind, O! then respect Order as the supreme law of Nature, as the unalterable will of her Creator and Ruler! Make yourselves acquainted with the regulation of the world, and the eternal laws after which it is governed; suspect every thing that is contrary to the regular course of Nature, and do not foolishly dream that it is in the power of mortal

mortal man to change or abrogate it by means of certain words and formulas, or of certain mysterious ceremonies. Endeavour to trace out the natural cause of every effect, and if you cannot find it, at least take care not to yield to the self-conceited idea, that there exists no natural cause, because you are too short-sighted to see it. Let your system of reasoning be governed by the same accurate connection, the same natural combination and order you behold in the whole creation, and you will not be surprised by self-delusion, or the deceptions of impostors.

Reason is the greatest prerogative of Man; a second truth that powerfully can guard us against the wiles of superstition.

What distinguishes us more eminently from all other inhabitants of our globe, what renders us more the resemblance of our Maker than *Reason*? the faculty of tracing out the causes of things, of forming just ideas of their connections with each other, and of deducing firm conclusions from what we know, of what we do not know? Our sensible organs and sensations we have in common with the beasts of the field; reason only renders us superior to them. Reason enables us to discover the delusions of our senses, or to compare and adjust the impressions we have received from external objects. By the light of reason we can investigate the origin of our feelings, trace out their secret causes and their turns, and raise them to clear notions. Assisted by reason, we can govern every other faculty of our mind, strengthen or weaken, and direct it in a manner which is most favourable for the discovery and examination of truth. Without reason every natural phenomenon would confound us, and every uncommon effect

effect it produces fill our soul with fear and consternation ; without reason we should be the sport of our own passions, and of those of others.

Superstition does, however, not argue thus. The superstitious and the vile disseminator of superstition, despises reason, decries that sacred prerogative of man, exaggerates her imperfections and weaknesses, hurls her from the throne on which the Creator has placed her, and raises sensation and imagination upon it. The superstitious will not think, not examine nor draw just conclusions ; every picture that heats his fancy ; every appearance that blinds his senses ; every obscure idea that makes his blood ferment, is well received by him ; he prefers it to every principle of reason, and every incontestible truth, because they do not amuse, nor heat his senses and his imagination. The more mysterious, the more inconceivable a phenomenon, an experience, doctrine or system is, the more eagerly he takes hold of, and the more firmly does he rely upon them, because they leave his reason at rest, and promise him great discoveries without trouble and exertion. But can this be called honouring human nature and her Creator ? is this valuing and making a proper use of the prerogatives that ennoble human nature ? Do we not degrade ourselves to an inferior sort of beings when trusting to no other guides but to our senses and feelings, and scorning the dictates of reason ? Is it to be wondered at, when the superstitious entangles himself in the mazes of delusion, and falls a victim to a self-created tyrant ? If you are desirous to avoid these dark and perilous labyrinths, if you wish to pursue the road to eternity with peace of mind and safety, O ! then honour reason as the greatest treasure of man, and maintain the dignity this gift of all-

all-bountiful heaven confers upon you. Reject, without hesitation, whatever is contrary to generally adopted principles of sound reasoning, however charming and seducing it be in many other respects. Suspect every thing of which you can form no distinct and clear idea, or no notion at all, every thing that obliges you to trust merely to an obscure sensation, to your own feelings, or to those of other people, or to vague pictures of imagination. Suspect every thing that shuns the investigation of the impartial and cool examiner; every thing that conceals itself under the veil of incomprehensible mysteries; suspect every one that attempts to pre-occupy you against reason, and advises you not to be guided by her torch in your opinion. If the secrets which are offered to you really are incomprehensible, then you have no interest in them; if they are useful and important truths, then they must admit examination, and be founded on firm arguments. Pursue every ray of light on the road to the sanctuary of truth, while you can account to yourselves for every step you proceed, and if necessary, can return to the spot whence you started; but do not venture on dark roads, where, with every step you proceed, you may lose your way, or be precipitated into a bottomless abyss. A few clear truths that force themselves on your understanding as such, and do not infringe on the sacred rights of your reason, are certainly of far greater value, and can guide you safer than all occult arts and sciences that force you to renounce the use of your understanding, and to walk in the dark. Keep firm to the former, and you will maintain your dignity, and be out of the reach of superstitious delusions.

Man is destinated for an active and a laborious life, and whatever makes him relinquish, or dislike it, removes him from his destination. This is the third principle I wish to recommend to the consideration of the reader who wishes to guard against the insidious wiles of superstition. Man is not designed to lead an idle and contemplative life, but to exert his faculties, and to acquire the means of happiness. He is destinated to use all his mental and corporeal faculties, to apply them to useful occupations, and thus to unfold and to improve them. He therefore, never can grow reasonable and wise, nor virtuous, rich, and powerful, without his own uninterrupted exertions to become so. He must learn every thing through meditation and diligent application, and acquire every thing with trouble and labour, and only what he thus learns and acquires, he can consider as his property, which he can rely upon, and use with safety. Man must not expect the intercession of physical, or moral miracles, for the sake of his instruction and support, the increase of his wealth, or the restoration of his health; for if that were the case, he neither would, nor ever could attain here below, that degree of perfection he is designed to acquire. Man shall not overleap a single step on the scale of perfection, but approach the great mark only by degrees, and with careful steps. Whoever will pay due attention to the institutions and regulations God has made for the improvement and the education of man, will be convinced of the truth of this principle.

If, therefore, you wish to execute the will of God, and to attain the destination for which you are designed, O! then beware of superstition; for it goes diametrically against the institutions and regulations which God has made for the happiness of man, sub-

verts the order of things, and wants to lead you to the mark without the employment of means, or at least by unnatural means; promises to conduct you to the goal of happiness on a less difficult road than nature has designed. Superstition promises you wisdom, knowledge, advantages and eminent qualities, which are to cost you little or nothing, and which you are to obtain without the least exertion and trouble, through faith, hope, or mechanical processes and ceremonies. This is, however, not the course of nature, is not the will of the Creator, nor the destination of man; it is the hope and the wish of the lazy and weak, the language of him who is averse from labour and trouble, and yet wants to reap the fruits arising therefrom. Apply your faculties according to your destination, apply them with diligence and cheerfulness, perform your duty faithfully, and enquire for wisdom and knowledge, wealth and honour, health and power, on the road of activity and usefulness, for this is the only path that leads to happiness and human perfection.

The last principle I wish to recommend to you as a safeguard against superstition is: *Man is not designed to foreknow the future events of his life!* and how could he know, by what means foresee them? if that should be possible, the powers of his understanding, his reason and his knowledge, either must be so much enlarged that he could form the most accurate idea of the great concatenation of all possible events and causes throughout the creation, and then he would not be a mortal, that is a limited being; (this, however, would be a kind of omniscience, which is the sole prerogative of the Godhead) or he must be inspired in a miraculous manner by the Supreme Being, which would infinitely multiply miracles and wonders, and subvert the wise laws

laws of nature. But let us suppose the Godhead should really give it in the power of man to explore his future fate, would he be the happier for it? No, undoubtedly not! a knowledge of that kind rather would prove the greatest bane to the happiness of the individual, and of the human race in general. The villain would grow more daring, and scorn all divine and human laws, if he could foresee that no temporal bad consequences would attend his vile course, and every one that could foreknow the blessings which futurity has in store for him, would anticipate the joys that await him; so that the expected happiness, when realised, would charm him infinitely less than if it had surprised him unawares. Many great geniuses, that through their talents have proved blessings to the world, and, notwithstanding their unremitted exertions to raise a fortune, through their services to human kind, lived and died in poverty, would have relaxed in their zealous endeavours to render themselves useful to the state, if they could have foreseen their fate; the world would have been deprived of the fruits of their diligence, and despair would have utterly destroyed every remnant of comfort which the ignorance of their future fate has left them; while, on the contrary, heaven-born hope gave wings to their genius, and animated them to pursue their career with redoubled alacrity. If the favourite of fortune could foresee that the fickle Goddess never will prove inconstant to him, would this not render him proud and overbearing? would not the firm persuasion that the uninterrupted continuation of his happy situation would entirely exempt him from every application to the kindness and assistance of his fellow creatures, render him neglectful in his endeavours to preserve their

good opinion? while, on the contrary, the uncertainty in which he is, with respect to his future fate, makes it his interest to gain the affection of his fellow creatures. If, on the other side, the favourite of fortune could with certainty foresee that a time will inevitably arrive when his present happy situation will be overclouded, his wealth lost, his body racked with excruciating pains, &c. &c. would not this fore-knowledge poison the enjoyment of his present happiness, and render him miserable even in the lap of bliss? In short, would not the possibility of exploring future events destroy the felicity of numberless mortals, banish hope, that sweet comforter, and oftentimes, the only remaining friend of the unfortunate, from this sublunary world? Would it not frequently render vice more daring, and break the only staff of suffering virtue? If, therefore, we are persuaded that a good God rules the world, and that the Supreme Being watches with a paternal care over the felicity of mankind, we cannot, we dare not expect, that he ever will suffer man to remove the mysterious veil that hides futurity from mortal sight! Some of my readers will, however, perhaps object that, notwithstanding the many bad consequences which inevitably must arise from a fore-knowledge of future events, man would, at the same time, be enabled to avoid at least those misfortunes that can be guarded off by vigilance and prudence. I grant that man would be more *capable* to take measures against future evils, but experience authorises me to maintain, that but very few would make such a wise use of that knowledge. Did not the holy seers of yore, did not our Saviour foretell the Jews the dire consequences of their perverseness? and yet did they not bid defiance

to the judgments of punishing Heaven? Does not every Christian know that vice leads to eternal misery hereafter? and do we not every day behold, notwithstanding the general belief in that awful truth, thousands and thousands disregard the warning voice of Heaven, and pursue the road to eternal destruction with unabated ardour? Is it to be expected that man, who risks his eternal salvation for the gratification of his desires during a short and uncertain life, that man who does not tremble at the certainty of endless misery, would be rendered more careful in the choice of his enjoyments, and in the mode of his proceedings through the foreknowledge of future temporal woe? Let us therefore, never presume, nor even wish to pry into futurity, let us not revolt against the express command of the great Ruler of the Universe: not regard them that have familiar spirits, nor seek after wizards, and suspect every one who promises to remove the veil from the hidden face of futurity. Let us look upon those daring mortals as the greatest enemies to human happiness, as rebels against the law of heaven, and as impostors who abuse our credulity, and under the cloak of occult sciences, make us subservient to their private views. Let us not be astonished when we now and then find some of their predictions realised; but always consider that this is owing merely to accident, and that one truth they utter, is overbalanced by numberless lies. Let us act up to the best of our knowledge, fulfil our duties to God and men, confide in the paternal care of Providence, and he that rules the fate of the whole creation, will stand our friend and protector in the time of need.

E R R A T A.

N. B. The great distance of the Translator's abode from the Printing-Office, having made it impossible he could have corrected the proofs himself, many errata have crept into the preceding Volumes, which he begs leave to point out to the Reader.

V O L I.

- Page 22, line 11, from the top, read *were*, for was.
- 44, 10, read *lost*, for left.
- 71, 3, from the bottom, add, *we*, before asked.
- 77, 9, from the top, for and the conjuror not,
read, *nor had the conjuror*.
- 78, 3, from the top, for relying, read *replying*.
- 87, 1, for the following day, read,
the subsequent day.
- 93, 7, from the bottom, for In your sagacity,
in, read, *to your sagacity, to*
- 104, 13, from the top, for shall, read, *shalt*.
- 106, 14, from the top, for sitting, read, *setting*.
- 111, 3, from the bottom, for ing, read, *weeping*
- 118, 10, from the top, for guelders, read, *guilders*
- 180, 2, from the bottom, for would, read *could*
- 213, 11, for disguised, read,
undisguised
- 234, 11, for apparant, read,
apparent
- 243, 9, from the bottom, insert *bow* before
what
- 251, 10, from the top, dele *the*, before fear

E R R A T A.

V O L. II.

- Page 5, line 7, from the bottom, read *prevented* for prevent.
- 9, 11, from the top, dele the semicolon after *sufferer*.
- 14, 12, read *might'st* for might.
- 17, 2, from the bottom, read *he exclaimed at length, fixing* for he exclaimed, at length fixing.
- 26, 5, from the top, read *the* for a.
- 27, 8, read *went* for went.
- 75, in the middle, read *wrestling* for resting.
- 76, 1, 2, from the bottom, dele *in order*.
- 80, 5, insert *a* before fraud.
- 100, 8, from the top, read *Her* for He.
- 152, in the middle, read *relation* for resolution.
- 153, 9, from the top, read *such* for sic.
- 158, 5, read *whi* for whe.
- 174, 2, from the bottom, read *trembled* for rambled.
- 219, 6, read *principal* for principle.
- 231, 3, from the top, add *it* after put.
- 241, 7, from the bottom, read *begin* for began.
- 250, 11, read *incontestable* for incontestible.
- 254, 7, from the top, insert *as* after band.

ERRATA.

V O L. III.

Page 9, line 7, from the bottom, insert *to* after *trate*.

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|------|-----|--|
| 16, | 10, | from the top, read <i>were</i> for was. |
| 20, | 13, | from the bottom, insert <i>and</i> before <i>con</i> . |
| 24, | 11, | from the top, read <i>written</i> for writted. |
| 50, | 14, | read <i>an</i> for any. |
| 55, | 11, | from the bottom, read <i>ings</i> for ing. |
| 58, | 12, | from the top, read <i>be</i> for are. |
| 75, | 5, | read <i>Sp</i> — <i>n</i> for Port***1. |
| 94, | 7, | read <i>to</i> for of. |
| 103, | 12, | read <i>throes</i> for throbs. |
| 128, | 4, | read <i>the</i> for a. |
| 134, | 12, | read <i>my</i> for by. |
| 157, | 3, | read <i>force</i> for fraud. |
| 187, | 8, | from the bottom, dele <i>are</i> after why. |
| 198, | 1, | from the top, insert <i>on</i> after imposed. |
| 278, | 13, | for multifarious, read <i>mul-
tivarious</i> . |
| 280, | 12, | from the top, read <i>fancied</i> for fanced. |
| 284, | 1, | from the bottom, read <i>principal</i> for prin-
ciple. |

